

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

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PRINCIPAL, SIR JAMSETTEE JEEJEEBOY PARMER BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION ;
FELLOW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOMBAY.

Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and
delectation.-- *Damon*.

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PART III.—TYPICAL SELECTIONS.

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"Why are not more *gems from our great authors* scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a *good work* to give a little to those, who have neither time nor means to get more."—COLLIERIDGE.

"Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in Authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the Reader's imagination."—DEAN SWIFT.

"As a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all—

* Floriferi, ut apes in saltibus omnia libant—

so I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers writers, and that *sine injuria*: I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own."—BURTON.

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SONNETS, EXTRACTS, AND FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—MONTAIGNE.

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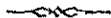
* * In selecting the Familiar Quotations given in this t, the Editor has derived much help from Bartlett's l-known collection.

"Of course there is a difference of value between these jewels of thought. The Kohinoor has few, if any, equals; but, though differing in value, the diamond, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, and opal are all gems, and are all precious."—MRS. VALENTINE.

"All the 'Gems' in the volume are not of equal brilliancy. The diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls of literature are few;—but there are other 'gems' than these, of inferior value, but still gemlike;—agate, cornelian, amethyst, turquoise, onyx, and scores of others known to the lapidary and jeweller, and prized by them and by the public to whose appreciation they are offered."—DR. MACKAY.



GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.



PART III.

SONNETS, EXTRACTS, AND FAMILIAR
QUOTATIONS.

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There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

J. R. Lowell.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Byron.

" If to the Tongue of Tongues thou hast a mind,
" If to the Best of Books thou art inclined,
Make this thy way, which pleasant is and plain,
Affects the eye and heart, instructs the brain.

Pool's English Parnassus

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

PART III.

INETS, EXTRACTS, AND FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

I.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(1340-1400.)

Dan CHAUCER, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal head-roll worthy to be filed
Old Dan Geoffroy, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell—

Spenser.

CHAUCER, him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers—His legends blithe
He sang of love or knight-hood, or the wiles
Of homely life, through each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying—
Him who in times
Dark and untaught began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

Athenide.

Dan CHAUCER, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Prelude those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

Langdon.

L.—PRAISE OF WOMEN.

For, this | ye know | well, tho' | I would in¹ lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness²;

ouldin, woulden, would	{	time, and was often disregarded
inction between <i>shall</i> and		even in Shakespeare's.
not observed in Chaucer's	{	2. Steadfastness, constancy.

For, in good faith, I never of them sie¹
 But much worship², bounty, and gentleness,
 Right coming³, fair, and full of meekness;
 Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
 Is this goodly and angelic creature.

2. And if it hap⁴ a man be in disease,
 She doth⁵ her business and her full pain⁶
 With all her might him to comfort and please,
 If fro⁷ his disease him she might restrain:
 In word ne⁸ deed, I wis, she woll⁹ not faine:
 With all her might she doth her business
 To bringen him out of his heaviness.

3. Lo, here what gentleness these women have,
 If we could know it for¹⁰ our rudeness!
 How busye they be us to keep and save
 Both in hele¹¹ and also in sicknèss,
 And alway right sorry for our distress!
 In every manere¹² thus shew they ruth¹³,
 That in them is all goodness and all truth.

2.—THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

- With him | théro was | his sôn | a yóunglè squire,
 A lover and a lusty batcheler¹⁴,
 With lockès crull¹⁵, as they were laid in press.
 Of twenty year of ago he was I guess.
 5 Of his statúre he was of even length,
 And wonderly deliver¹⁶ and great of strength;

1. Sie, saw.
 2. Worship, worthiness; excellence of character.
 3. Coming, demeanour.
 4. Hap, happen; chance.
 5. Doth, exerts.
 6. Pain, endeavour.
 7. Fro, from.
 8. Ne, nor.
 9. Woll, will.

10. For, notwithstanding.
 11. Hele, health. [Cognate with *haul, hale, and whole*.]
 12. Manere, manner.
 13. Ruth, compassion. [From *rue*.]
 14. Batcheler, bachelor.
 15. Crull, curled.
 16. Wonderly deliver, wonderfully active.

- And he had been sometime¹ in chevachio²,
 In Flandres³, in Artois⁴, and Picardy⁵,
 And borne him well, as of so little space,
 10 In hope to standon in his lady's grace.
 Embroidered was he, as it were a mead⁶
 All full of freshè flowers white and red.
 Singing he was or fluting all the day :
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 15 Short was his gown, with sleevès long and wide ;
 Well could he sit on horse, and fairè⁷ ride,
 He couldè songès make, and well indite⁸,
 Joust⁹, and eke¹⁰ dance, and well pourtray and write.
 So hot he loved, that still by nightertale¹¹
 20 He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
 Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,
 And carved before his futher at the table¹².

3.—THE MILLER.

- The miller wás | a stóut | cárle fór | the nónes¹³,
 Ful bigge he was of brawn, and eke of bones ;
 That provèd wel, for o'er all ther he came,
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
 5 He was short shuldered, brode, a thikkè gnarre¹⁴,
 Ther n'as¹⁵ no dore, that he n'oldè¹⁶ hove of burro,
 Or broke it at a renning with his hede¹⁷.
 His bord¹⁸ as any sowe or fox was rede¹⁹,
 And therto brode, as though it were a spaulo.

Sometime, formerly.
 Chevachie, military service.
cheval, a horse. |
 Flandres, Flanders.
 Artois (Artuwy), an old
 ty and government of France.
 Picardy, an old province in
 north of France.
 Mead, meadow.
 Faire, elegantly.
 Indite, write.
 Joust, tilt in a tournament or
 fight.

10. Eke, also.
 11. Nightertale, night-time.
 12. Carved before his father.
 This was part of the duty of a
 squire.
 13. For the nones.— A corrup-
 tion of *for then once*.
 14. Gnarre, a hard knot in a tree.
 15. N'as, was not.
 16. N'oldè, would not.
 17. Hede, head.
 18. Bord, beard.
 19. Rede, red.

- 10 Upon the cop¹ right of his nose he had
 A wert², and theron stode a tafto of heres³,
 Redc as the bristles of a sowès eres⁴.
 His nosè-thirlès⁵ blackè wère and wide;
 A swerd and bokeler⁶ bare he by his side.
 15 His mouth as widè was as a forneis⁷.
 Wel coude he stelen⁸ corno, and tollon thries⁹;
 And yet he had a thomb¹⁰ of gold, parde¹¹.

4.—EMILY IN THE GARDEN.*

- EMILY ere day
- Aróse | and dréssed | horsélf | in rích | arrúy;
 Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;
 Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair;
 5 A riband did the braided tresses bind.
 The rest was loose and wantoned in the wind.
 Aurora¹² had but newly chased the Night,
 And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
 When to the garden walk she took her way,
 10 To sport and trip along in cool of day,
 And offer máidjen vóws | in hóu|our óf | the Máy¹³.
 At every turn, she made a little stand,
 And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
 To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
 15 She shook the stalk, and brushed away the dew:
 Then party-coloured flowers of white and red
 She wove, to make a garland for her head.

1. Cop, top.
 2. Wert, wart.
 3. Heres, hairs.
 4. Eres, ears.
 5. Nose-thirls, nostrils.
 6. Bokeler, buckler.
 7. Forneis, furnace.
 8. Stelen, steal.
 9. Tollen thries, charge thrice.
 10. Thomb of gold.—An allusion to the proverb—*Every honest miller has a thumb of gold*. The yet means that the miller, not-

withstanding his thefts, was as honest as his brethren.

11. Parde, certainly; in truth. [Fr. *par Dieu*, by God.]

12. Aurora, the rising light of the morning. The poets represented Aurora, the goddess of the morning, as rising out of the ocean in a chariot, her rosy fingers dropping gentle dew. [Lat. *aurea hora*, the golden hour.]

13. The May, May Day

* Modernized by Dryden.

5.—TO MY SOUL. |

1. FAR' from | mankind, | my wéajry Sôul, | restre,
Still follow Truth, Contentment still desire.
Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,
Who rolls in riches, all to Fortune owes.
Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the Muse, and envy waits on praise.
2. Wavering as winds the breath of Fortune blows,
No power can turn it, and no prayers compose.
Deep in some hermit's solitary cell,
Repose and Ease and Contemplation dwell.
Let Conscience guide thee in the days of need,
Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.
3. What Heaven bestows, with thankful eyes receive ;
First ask thy heart, and then through Faith believe.
Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
Who is restless in this world, receives a fall ;
Look up on high, and thank thy God for all !

6.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM THE
"CANTERBURY TALES."

1. 'This noble ensample¹ to his shepe² he yaf³,
That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taughte.
2. Loke⁴ who that is most vertuous alway,
Privè and apert⁵, and most entendeth ay⁶
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the grettest gentilman.
3. That he is gentil that doth gentil dedes :
4. This flour of willy patience.

1. Ensamplè, example.
2. Shepe, sheep ; flock ; congregation.
3. Yaf, gave. He practised what he preached—a thing which "some gracious pastors" seldom do. Hence the proverb—*Do as the friar*

said, not as he doth.

4. Loke, look ; see.

[public

5. Privè and apert, private and

6. Ay, over ; always.

† Modern version of Chaucer's "Gode Counsaile," i.e., Good Counsel.

5. Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
6. Mordre¹ wol out, that see we day by day.
7. The first vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere²,
Is to restreine and kepon³ wel thy tonge.
8. For of fortunè's sharpe adversitè,
The worst kind of infortunè is this,
A man that hath been in prosperitè,
And it remember, whan it passèd is.
9. The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne⁴;
The assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.
10. For out of the old fieldès, as men saithe,
Cometh al this now corne fro yere to yere,
And out of oldè bookès, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that mon lere⁵.

II.

EDMUND SPENSER.

(1552—1599.)

WHEN SPENSER saw the fame was spreadd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be scene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice—
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes—
So SPENSER now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his fere.

Verses to the Author.

1.—WISDOM, TRUE RICHES.

1. In vain do men
The Héavjens óf | their fórtune's fáult | accúse,
Sith⁶ they⁷ know best what is the best for them⁸;

1. Mordre, murder.
2. Lere, learn.
3. Kepen, keep.
4. Compare.—¹ Art is long, and time is fleeting.—*Longfellow.*

5. Compare the proverb—*There is nothing new under the sun.*

6. Sith, since.

7. They, i.e., the Héavjens.

8. Them, i.e., men.

For they¹ to each such fortune do diffuse
 As they¹ do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which men covet most is best,
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest [his breast.
 With that they hold : each hath his fortune in

2. It is the Mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch² or happy, rich or poor ;
 For some³ that hath abundance at his will, -
 Hath not enough, but wants in greater store ;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise ;
 For Wisdom is most Riches ; fools therefore
 They are which⁴ Fortune do by vows devise⁵,
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize⁶.

2.—UNA AND THE LION.*

1. Nought is | there under heav'n's | wide hollowness⁷
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,
 Than Beauty, brought to unworthy wretchedness,
 Through Envy's snares, or Fortune's freaks unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
 Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony
 When such | I see, | that all | for pity I | could die.

1. **They**, i.e., the Heavens.

2. **Wretch**, wretched.

Compare—

‘There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.’—*Shakespeare*.

‘It is the mind that makes the body rich.’—*Shakespeare*.

‘The mind is its own place, and in itself

can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.’—*Milton*.

3. **Some**, i.e., some one.

4. **Which**. Formerly used as masculine and feminine as well as neuter.

5. **Devise**, prostitute.

6. **Fortunize**, make fortunate.

7. **Hollowness**, concave.

* “Una” here means ‘Truth,’ [i.e., *unus*, one ; as ‘Truth is *one*’.] The Lion is the emblem of England, which waits upon ‘Truth.’ When ‘true Faith’ (Protestantism) was deserted by all the world, England (the Lion) came to its rescue.

2. And now it is impassioned¹ so deep
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,²
 To think how she, through guileful handoling,
 Though true as touch,³ though daughter of a king,
 Though fair as ever living wight⁴ was fair,
 Though nor in word nor deed ill-meriting,
 Is from her Knight† divorcèd in despair,
 And her due loves derived⁵ to that vile witch's
 share.
3. Yet she, most faithful Lady, all this while
 Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's preace⁶, as in oxilo,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed
 To seek her Knight; who subtly betrayed
 Through that late vision which the Enchanter
 wrought,
 Had her abandoned⁷: she, of nought afraid,
 Through woods and wateness wide him daily
 sought;
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.
4. One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty⁸ beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight⁹,
 And laid her stole⁹ aside; her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,

1. Impassioned, moved.
 2. True as touch, completely true. Touch, a touchstone.
 3. Wight, a person. [Obsolete, though still sometimes used in humour or irony.]
 4. Derived, transferred.
 5. Preace, press or crowd.
 6. Had her abandoned, had

abandoned her.

7. Unhasty, slow.

8. Undight, took off; untied

9. Stole, a long robe worn by ladies. [The stole was the characteristic dress of the Roman matrons, as the toga was of the men.]

† St. George, the patron saint of England.

And made a sunshine in the shady place¹;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

5. It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping² lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood³;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devourèd her tender corse⁴;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse⁵,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.
6. Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
And lickèd her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As⁶ he her wrongèd innocence did weat⁷.
O! how can Beauty master the most strong,
And simple Truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

From the Faerie Queene, Book I. Canto III

3.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM THE "FAIRIE QUEENE."

1. The noblest mind the best contentment has.

1. Made a sunshine, &c. - -
Beauty is associated in the minds
of poets not only with *light* but
also with *sound*.

Compare,--

"The mind, the music breathing
from her face." - *Byron*.

2. Ramping, springing or
bounding with violence.

3. Salvage blood, blood of wild
animals. [*Fr. sauvage*, savage, from

Lat. silva, a wood.]

4. Corse, body. [Now used in
poetry for *corpse*, the dead body of
a human being. *Lat. corpus*, a
body.]

5. Remorse, pity. [Now it
means keen pain or anguish, excited
by a sense of guilt. *Lat. re*, and
merito, I bite.]

6. As, as if.

7. Weat, know; understand.

2. A bold bad man¹.
3. Ay me, how many perils doe unfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.
4. And is there care in Heaven ?
5. Dan² Chancer, well of English undefyled³,
On Fame's eternall beadroll⁴ worthie to be fyled.
6. Who will not merchie unto others show,
How can he merchie ever hope to have ?

III.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(1552-1618.)

1. Silence in love bewrays⁵ more woe
Than words, though no'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
2. Fain⁶ would I climb but that I fear to fall.*

IV.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

(1554-1586.)

1. They are never alone
That are accompanied with noble thoughts.

V.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(1562-1593.)

1. Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?
2. Love me little love me long.

1. Compare—
"This bold bad man."—
Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

2. Dan, don ; sir.

3. Undefyled, undefiled.

4. Beadroll, a list or catalogue.
[In the Roman Catholic Church, a
list of persons for the repose of
whose souls a certain number of

prayers is to be said or counted off
on the beads of a chaplet rosary.]

5. Bewrays, betrays ; shows.

6. Fain, gladly.

* This was written on a pane of
glass in Queen Elizabeth's pres-
ence. She wrote below it :—

"If thy heart fails thee, why
then climb at all?"

VI.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(1564-1616.)

Soul of the age!

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little farther off, to make thee room:

Thou art a monument without a tomb,

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to give.---*Ben Jonson*

He was not of an age, but for all time!

Sweet Swan of Avon!--*Ben Jonson*.

Each change of many-coloured life he drew,

Exhausted works, and then imagined new:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,

And panting Time toiled after him in vain. - *Dr. Johnson*

Nature listening stood, whilst SHAKESPEARE played,

And wondered at the work herself had made. - *Churchill*.Sweetest SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's child! - *Milton*.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,

Thou hast built thyself a living monument. - *Milton*.

1.--A CONSOLATION.

1. WHEN', in | disgrace | with fortune and | men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless¹ cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate;
2. Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope²,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
3. Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee--and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
4. For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

1. Bootless, unavailing; with- } 2. Scope, opportunity. [Lat.
out boot or advantage. } *scopus*, a mark, aim,]

2.—THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION.

1. THEY' that | have pówer | to húrť, | and wíll | do nóne,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
2. They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.
3. The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his¹ dignity:
4. For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds².

3.—PERFECTION ADMITS OF NO ADDITION.

- To gíld | reffínèd góld, | to páint | the lílly,
To throw a pérfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
5 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish³,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

King John, Act IV. Sc. II.

4.—A TIDE IN HUMAN LIFE.

- THERE' is | a tíde⁴ | in thó | affáirs | of mén,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
5 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures⁵.

Julius Caesar, Act IV. Sc. III.

1. His, its. [The neuter possessive form *its* is rarely found in the writings of Shakespeare and Milton and their contemporaries, *its* being used for the neuter as well as the masculine possessive.]

2. A proverbial saying.

3. Garnish, adorn. [Fr. *garnir*, to furnish.]

4. Tide, *i.e.*, opportunity.

5. Ventures, things sent to sea in trade; things put to hazard.

5.—VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

- Good' náme, | in máu | and wóman, déar|my lórd',
 • Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [nothing;
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 5 But he that filches² from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, Act III. Sc. III.

6.—LIFE.

- To-mor'row, and | to-mór|row, and | to-mór|row,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 5 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!³
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 10 Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, Act V. Sc. V.

7.—USEFULNESS.

- HEAV'N' doth | with ús | as wé | with tórchles dó,
 Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike⁴
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
 5 But to fine issues; nor Nature never⁵ lends
 The smallest scruple⁶ of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creator,
 Both thanks and use⁷.

Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. I.

1. Dear my lord, my dear

2. Filches, steals; pilfers. [A. -
filhan, to hide.]3. Candle.—Life is compared to
the light of a candle. [same.]

4. All alike, all one; quite the

5. Nor never. Shakespeare
often uses two negatives for em-
phasis.6. Scruple, a very small quan-
tity. [Lat. *scrupulus*, a little stone,
a weight of 20 grains.]

7. Use, profit; interest.

8.—HONOUR.

- O', that | estâtes, | degrees, | and ôfficés,
 Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
 Were purchased¹ by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover² that stand bare?
 5 How many be commanded that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour,
 Picked from the chaff and ruin³ of the times,
 To be now varnished!

Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. IX

9.—MUSIC.

- How sweet | the moonlight sleéps | upón | this bânk!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become⁴ the touches of sweet harmony.
 5 Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines⁵ of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his⁶ motion like an angel sings,
 Still⁷ quiring⁸ to the young-eyed cherubins⁹,—
 10 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture¹⁰ of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
 Come, ho! and wake Diana¹¹ with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress¹² ear,
 15 And draw her home with music.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Sc. I.

1. Purchased, obtained; acquired.

2. Cover, keep their hats on as superiors.

3. Ruin, refuse; rubbish.

Chaff and ruin, chaff and bran.

4. Become, befit; suit.

5. Patines, patens; metal plates. [Lat. *patina*, a pan, from *patco*, I lie open.]

6. His, its. [See page 314, note 1.]

7. Still, constantly. [iously.

8. Quiring, singing harmoniously.

9. Cherubins, cherubim.

10. Vesture, garment or covering, i.e., the body. [Lat. *vestis*, a garment.]

11. Diana, the moon.

12. Mistress, i.e., Portia.

10.—ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON
LAERTES.

- Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought | his¹ act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
5 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm² with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.³ Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't, that the opposer⁴ may beware of thee.
10 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure⁴, but reserve thy
judgment.
Costly thy habit⁵ as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
15 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry⁶.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
20 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 111.

11.—SOLILOQUY⁷ ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To bé, | or nó | to bé,— | thát is | the quéstion :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

1. His, its. [See page 344, note 1.]

2. Palm, i.e., of the hand.

3. Opposer, opponent.

4. Censure, opinion; decision.

[Lat. *censeo*, I judge.]

5. Habit, dress. [Lat. *habitus*,

state, dress, from *habeo*, I have.]

6. Husbandry, economy. [A.-

S. *hus*, a house, and *bondu*, a peasant.]

7. Soliloquy, a talking to one's self; a monologue. [Lat. *solus*, alone, and *loquor*, I speak.]

- 5 And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
- 10 To sleep!—perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
 For, in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause:—there's the respect¹
 That makes calamity of so long life;
- 15 For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely²,
 The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient Merit of³ the unworthy takes;
- 20 When he himself might his quietus⁴ make
 With a bare bodkin⁵? Who would fardels⁶ bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn⁷
- 25 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of!
 Thus Conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of Resolution
- 30 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith⁸ and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry⁹
 And lose the name of action!

Hamlet, Act III. Sc. I.

1. Respect, consideration.
 2. Contumely, contemptuousness. [Lat. *con*, and *tumco*, I swell.]
 3. Of, from.
 4. Quietus, final discharge; acquittance; death. [*Quietus est* was a formula used in discharging accounts. Lat. *quietus*, quiet.]
 5. Bodkin, a dagger.

6. Fardels, burdens. [Fr. *far-deut*, a bundle.]

7. Bourn, a bound; a limit. [Fr. *borne*, a limit.]

8. Pith, weight; moment; importance. [A.-S. *piþa*, marrow, kernel.]

9. Awry (a-ri'), out of the right direction.

12.—THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

- ALL the world's a stage,
 And all | the mén | and wómen méerely pláyers :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 5 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling¹ and puking² in the nurse's arms ;
 And then, the whining³ school-boy, with his satchel⁴
 And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 10 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard⁵ ;
 Jealous⁶ in honour, sudden⁷ and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 15 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon⁸ lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws⁹ and modern¹⁰ instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 20 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon¹¹ ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

1. Mewling, squalling; crying.
 2. Puking, spewing; ejecting
 the contents of the stomach.

3. Whining, whimpering; crying.

4. Satchel, school-bag. [Dim.
 of sack.]

5. Pard, the leopard or panther.
 [Lat. *pardus*, the leopard.]

6. Jealous, anxiously vigilant ;
 solicitous to defend.

7. Sudden, hasty ; violent ;
 passionate.

8. Capon, a fattened cock-
 chicken.

9. Saws, sayings ; maxims
 [From say.]

10. Modern, trite, common.

11. Pantaloon, a character in
 the Italian comedy, so called from
 his dress; a silly old man. [Fr.
pantalun from *Pantalone*, a nick-
 name of the Venetians, whose
 patron saint was called *Pant.*
 from Gr. *pan*, all, and *allos*,
 merciful.]

- 25 And whistles in his¹ sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans² teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.

As You Like It, Act II. Sc. VII.

13.—THE WIFE'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND.

- FIE, fie! | unkni^t | that threát'ning, unkind brów ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor ;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads³ ;
5 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet⁴, or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
10 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
15 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
20 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And, when she's froward⁵, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,

1. His, its. [See page 344, note 1.]

2. Sans, without; deprived of. [Fr. *sans*, from Lat. *sine*, without.]

3. Meads, meadows.

4. Meet, fit; proper.

5. Froward, perverse; disobedient; refractory; [From *from* and *ward*, i.e., turned aside from the right direction.]

- 25 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
 I am ashamed that women are so simple¹,
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 30 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world?—
 But that our soft conditions² and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts.

Taming of the Shrew, Act 1st. Sc. 11.

14.—REMEDY FOR EXILE.

- ALL' pláces thát | the éyo | of Hávven vísits,
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 5 Think not, the king³ did banish thee⁴,
 But thou the king : woe doth the heavier sit,
 Whore it perceives it is but faintly borne.
 Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase⁵ honour,
 And not—the king exiled thee : or suppose⁶,
 10 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air⁷,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 15 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strowed⁸ ;
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure⁹, or a dance :

1. Simple, silly ; foolish.

2. Conditions, dispositions.

3. The king, *i.e.*, King Richard II. A quarrel having arisen between the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Hereford (Henry Bolingbroke), son of John of Gaunt, the king banished both.

4. Thee, *i.e.*, Henry Boling-

broke, afterwards King Henry IV.

5. Purchase, acquire ; achieve.

6. Suppose, imagine.

7. Air, climate ; country.

8. Presence strowed, presence-chamber at court, strowed with rushes, carpets being unknown in those days.

9. Measure, a stately dance.

For gnarling¹ sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light².

King Richard II., Act I. Sc. III.

15.—SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

O SLEEP! O gentle Sleep!

Nature's ; soft nurse³, | how have | I frightled thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

5 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs⁴,
Upon uneasy pallets⁵ stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies⁶ of costly state,

10 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case⁷ or a common 'larum bell?

15 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,

* Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
20 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds⁸,
That⁹, with the hurly¹⁰, Death itself awakes?

1. Gnarling, snarling; growling.

2. Sets it light, makes light of it; treats it as of little consequence.

3. Nature's soft nurse.—Compare—

1. "Sleep, that knits up the
ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life,
sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great
Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."
Shakespeare's Macbeth.

2. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

4. Cribs, hovels; huts.

5. Pallet, a small and poor or rude bed. [*Gr. pallet, straw.*]

6. Canopy, a covering over a throne or over a bed. [*Gr. kânôps, a gnat.*]

7. Watch-case, a sentry-box.

8. Shrouds, ropes to support a mast.

9. That, so that.

10. Hurly, hurly-burly; tumult.

- Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillost night,
 25 With all appliances and means to boot¹,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low², lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

King Henry IV., Pt. II., Act III. Sc. 1

16.—HONEY-BEES.

- WHILE³ that | the arm'd hand | doth fight | abroad,
 The advis'd head defends itself at home ;
 For government, through high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one concent⁴,
 5 Congreering⁵ in a full and natural close,
 Like music. Therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers⁶ functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
 To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt⁷,
 10 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts :
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ; •
 15 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
 Others, like soldiers, arm'd in their stings,
 Make boot⁸ upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor,
 20 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;

1. To boot, in addition to ; over and above ; besides.

2. Low, low-born people.

3. Concent, concert ; harmony.
 Lat. *con*, and *canto*, I sing.]

4. Congreering, agreeing.

5. Divers, different ; various.

6. Butt, a mark to be shot at.
 the object of aim.

7. Boot, spoil ; plunder.

- 25 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors¹ pale
The lazy yawning drono.

King Henry V., Act 1. Sc. 11.

17. SPEECH OF HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF
HARFLEUR.

- ONCE móre | únto | the bréach, | dear friends, |
once móre ;
Or close the wáll up with our English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility :
5 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews², summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured³ rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct ;
10 Let it pry through the portage⁴ of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully⁵ as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty⁶ his confounded⁷ base,
Swilled⁸ with the wild and wasteful océan.
15 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet⁹ from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
20 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument¹⁰.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those, whom you called fathers, did bogot you !
Be copy¹¹ now to men of grosser blood,

1. Executors, executioners.

2. Sinews, tendons ; muscles.

3. Hard-favoured, hard-featured ; ugly.

4. Portage, port-holes. [Lat. *porta*, a gate.]

5. Fearfully, in a manner to

impress fear or awe ; terribly.

6. Jutty, jut or project beyond.

7. Confounded, demolished.

8. Swilled, washed ; drenched.

9. Fet, fetched. [test.]

10. Argument, matter for con-

11. Copy, model ; example.

- 25 And teach them how to war!—And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle¹ of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
30 That hath not noble lustre in your² eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips³,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint
George⁴!

King Henry V., Act III. Sc. 1.

18.—THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

- O GóD ! | methinks | it wéro | a háppy life,
To be no better than a homely⁵ swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly⁶, point by point,
5 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
How many make the hoür full complete,
How many hoürs bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
10 When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hoürs must I tend my flock;
So many hoürs must I take my rest;
So many hoürs must I contemplate;
So many hoürs must I sport myself;
* * * *

1. Mettle, stuff; constitution; spirit. [An altered spelling of *mettle*.]

2. "Your" should be *his* here.

3. Slip, a leash or string by which a hound is held. [So called from its being made to *slip* or become loose by relaxation of the

grasp.]

4. St. George, the patron saint of England.

5. Homely, plain, simple [from *home*.]

6. Quaintly, nicely; actually, ingeniously [Lat. *conspicuo*, trimmed, adorned.]

- 15 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Passed over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
- 20 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 'To shepherds, looking on their silly¹ sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy²
 'To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O yes, it doth ; a thousandfold it doth !
- 25 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted³ sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates⁴,
- 30 His viands⁵ sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchèd in a curious⁶ bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

King Henry IV., Pt. III., Act II. Sc. 1.

19.—THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

‘FAREWELL’, | a lóng | farewéll, | to áll | my⁷
 gréatness !

- This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
- 5 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton⁸ boys that swim on bladders,

1. Silly, harmless ; inoffensive.

2. Canopy.—See page 352,
 note 6.

3. Wonted (wunt'ed), custom-
 ary ; usual.

4. Delicates, delicacies.

5. Viands, things to be lived
 on ; victuals. [Fr. *viande*, meat.]

6. Curious, elegant ; neat.

7. My.—The speaker is Cardinal
 Wolsey.

8. Wanton, playful ; sportive.

- 10 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
- 15 Vain Pomp and Glory of this world, I hate yo !
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !¹
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their² ruin,
- 20 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer³,
 Never to hope again.

King Henry VIII., Act III. Sc. II.

20.—FALLEN GREATNESS.

- CROMWELL¹, | I² did | not think | to shed | a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman⁴.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
- 5 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee⁵ ;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
- 10 Found thee a way, out of his wreck⁶, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that⁷ ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
- 15 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?

1. Compare. —
 "Put not your trust in princes."

Balm cxlvi. 3.

2. Their ruin, the ruin they
 cause. [This is an example of the
subjective genitive.]

3. Lucifer, Satan.

4. Cromwell, 'Thomas Crom-
 well.

5. I, i.e., Cardinal Wolsey.

6. To play the woman, to
 weep like a woman.

7. Wreck, ruin ; overthrow.

8. That, which.

- Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee
 Corruption¹ wins not more than honesty.
 Still² in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 20 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, [well
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And,—pr'ythee³, lead me in:
 There take an inventory⁴ of all I have,
 25 'To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not in mine ago
 30 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

King Henry VIII., Act III. Sc. II

21.—CARDINAL WOLSEY.

- NOBLE Madam⁵,
- Men's evil manners live | in brass; | their virtues
 We write in water.*
- This cardinal,
- 5 'Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashioned to⁶ much honour. From his cradle
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
 10 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer;
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam,

1. Corruption, dishonesty.

2. Still, ever.

3. Pr'ythee, I pray you.

4. Take an inventory, make a list, catalogue, or schedule.

5. Noble Madam.—The person addressed is Queen Catherine, the divorced wife of Henry VIII.

6. Fashioned to, formed by nature for.

* Compare.—

"For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble; and, whose doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste."

Sir Thomas More.

- He was most princely. Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you¹,
 15 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which² fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it³;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom⁴ shall ever speak his virtue:
 20 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honour to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

King Henry VIII., Act II., Sc. II.

22.—HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA.

- INJU'rious Hér|mia! móst | ungrá|tef|ful má|id!
 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
 To bait⁵ me with this foul derision⁶?
 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 5 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us,—oh, and is all forgot?
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial⁷ gods,
 10 Have with our neelds⁸ created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key⁹;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate¹⁰. So we grow together,
 15 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet a union in partition,⁶

1. Raised in you, founded in your country, *i.e.*, in England.

2. One of which, Ipswich.

3. The good that did it, the goodness that raised it.

4. Christendom, all that portion of the world where the Christian religion prevails.

5. Bait, provoke, annoy.

6. The termination *ion* is often pronounced in two syllables in Shakespeare and other early poets.

7. Artificial, artful; ingenious.

8. Neelds, needles.

9. Key, note; tone. [body

10. Incorporate, united in one

- Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So, with two seeming bodies, both one heart,
 And will you rent¹ our ancient love asunder,
 20 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it ;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. II.

'23.—SCENE FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.—*The Forum*².

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied ! let us be satisfied !

Bru. Then follow me, | and give | me audience³,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part⁴ the numbers.—

- 5 Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak. [reasons,

- 10* *2nd Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS
 goes into the Rostrum*⁵.]

3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers⁶ ! hear me for my
 cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for

1. Rent, rend ; tear.

2. Forum, a market-place or public-place in Rome where causes were judicially tried and orations delivered to the people.

3. Audience, a hearing. [Lat. *audire*, I hear.]

4. Part, divide into two bodies.

5. Rostrum, a scaffold or elevated place in the forum from which orations, pleadings, funeral harangues, &c., were delivered ; a pulpit. [So called because after the Latin war it was adorned with the *rostra* or beaks of captured vessels.]

6. Lovers, friends.

mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure¹ me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his². If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had³ you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is⁴ tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question⁵ of his death is enrolled in the Capitol⁶; his glory not extenuated⁷, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth,—as

1. **Censure**, judge. [*Lat. censeo, I judge.*]

2. **His**, that friend's.

3. **Had you**, would you.

4. **Is**.—Tears, joy, &c., are here regarded as making one thing.

5. **Question**, statement of motives or reasons.

6. **Capitol**, the temple of

Jupiter on the Capitoline hill, where the Senate met. [Said to have been so called from the circumstance that a human head (*caput*) was discovered in digging the foundations.]

7. **Extenuated**, lessened; diminished. [*Lat. ex, and tenuis, thin.*]

which of you shall not? With this I depart:—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death!

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

50 *2nd Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors!

3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar!

4th Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

Bru. My countrymen,—

55 *2nd Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace¹ to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

60 Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save² I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1st Cit. Stay ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

65 *3rd Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding³ to you.

[*Ascends.*]

4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

70 He finds himself beholding to us all.

4th Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

1. Do grace, show respect.
2. Save, except; unless. [*Here*
used as a conjunction.]

3. Beholding; under obligation; obliged. [*A corrupt form of beholden.*]

- 75 *2nd Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.
 Ant. You gentle Romans,—
 Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.
 Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen ! lend me
 your ears ;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 80 The evil that men do lives after them ;
 The good | is oft | inter|red with | their bones :
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 85 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 90 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers¹ fill :
 95 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that² the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 100 You all did see that on the Lupercal³
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse⁴. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

1. General coffers, state treasury.

2. That.—Used for emphasis.

3. Lupercal, one of the most ancient of the Roman feasts, celebrated every year in the middle of February in honour of *Lupercus*, a name given to Pan, the god of shepherds, because he was

supposed to keep off the wolves. [Lat. *lupus*, a wolf.]

4. Which he did thrice refuse.—Cæsar refused the crown offered to him by his friends, not because he was unwilling to accept it, but because he found that the people were unfavourable to his accepting it.

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

- 105 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoko,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once,—not without cause :
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn¹ for him ?
 O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 110 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me. [ings.
1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his say-
2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 115 Cæsar has had great wrong.

* * * * *

- Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence².
 Oh, masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 120 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 125 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 'But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
 I found it in his closet,—'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 130 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy³
 135 Unto their issue.'
- 4th Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

1. To mourn, from mourning.
 2. None so poor, &c., not even
 the poorest man pays him any

respect or reverence.

3. A rich legacy, a cherished
 heirloom.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet¹ you know how Cæsar loved you.

140 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

145 *4th Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
you shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself², to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men

150 Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors: *honourable men!*

Cit. The will! the testament! [read the will!

2nd Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will,

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

155 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

* * * * *

Cit. You shall have leave. Room for Antony—
most noble Antony. [*ANTONY descends.*

160 *Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

165 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii³:—

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;

1. Meet, good; proper. [A.-S. *gemet*, fit, proper.]

2. O'ershot myself, rashly said

more than I intended.

3. The Nervii, a number of small tribes around the Scheldt.

- 170 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved¹
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
- 175 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest² cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab³,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty
 heart ;
- 180 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's⁴ statua⁵,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
- 185 Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.
 Oh, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint⁶ of pity : those are gracious drops⁷.
 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
- 190 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with⁸ traitors.
 1st *Cit.* Oh, piteous spectacle !
 2nd *Cit.* Oh, noble Cæsar !
 3rd *Cit.* Oh, woeful day !
 4th *Cit.* Oh, traitors, villains !
- 195 1st *Cit.* Oh, most bloody sight !
 2nd *Cit.* Wo will be revenged : revengo,—
 about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let
 not a traitor live !

1. Resolved, assured.

2. Most unkindest.—Like *more* with comparatives, *most* was formerly often used superfluously with superlatives.

3. Saw him stab.—The last words uttered by Cæsar were—" *Et tu, Brute !*" thou too, Brutus !

4. Pompey the Great and

Cæsar were rivals for the imperial power at Rome. After his defeat at Pharsalia, Pompey fled to Egypt, where he was assassinated, 48 B. C.

5. Statua, statue.

6. Dint, force ; impression.

7. Drops, tears.

8. With, by.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

200 *1st Cit.* Peace there!—Hear the noble Antony.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable,

What private griefs¹ they have, alas! I know not,

205 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

210 That love my friend²; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

215 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would³ ruffle up⁴ your spirits, and put a tongue,

220 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones⁵ of Rome to rise and mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3rd Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

225 *Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do, you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas! you know not,—I must tell you, then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

1. Private griefs, personal
grievances; individual wrongs.

2. That love my friend.—
This should be "that loves his
friend."

3. Supply "that" before
"would."

4. Ruffle up, agitate; discom-
pose.

5. Supply "very" before
"stones."

230 *Cit.* Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas¹. [death

235 *2nd Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll reveng'ge his
3rd Cit. Oh, royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

240 On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ?

1st Cit. Never, never !—Come away, away !

245 We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

* * * * *

[*Exeunt*² Citizens with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischievous, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !

24.—SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE*³, *the Magnificoes*⁴, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,

GRATIANO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

1. Drachma (drakma), a silver coin worth about 9½d. [Lat. from Gr., *drachmē*, a dram, from *drassomai*, to grasp with the hand.]

2. Exeunt, go out. [Plural of *exit*, from *ex* and *eo*, I go.]

3. Duke.—Used here for *doge*, the title of the chief magistrate of the republics of Venice and Genoa.

The first Doge of Venice was Anastasio (Paoluccio) created 697. The office disappeared in 1797, when the republican form of government was abolished by the French. [Lat. *dux*, a leader.]

4. Magnificoes, *grandees*; noblemen. [Lat. *magnus*, great; and *facio*, I make.]

- Duke.* I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer
 A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 5 Uncapable¹ of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.

- Ant.* I have heard
 Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
 His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
 10 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's² reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury ; and am armed
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

- 15 *Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

- Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before
 our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 20 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse³ more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent⁴ cruelty :
 And where⁵ thou now exact'st the penalty,
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
 25 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety⁶ of the principal ;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled⁷ on his back,
 30 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state⁸

1. Uncapable, incapable.

2. Envy, malice ; hatred.

3. Remorse, pity. [See page 341, note 5.]

4. Apparent, seeming.

5. Where, whereas.

6. Moiety, one of two equal

parts ; half, hence, a portion.
 [Fr. *partie*, from Lat. *medius*,
 middle.]

7. Huddled, pressed together ;
 crowded.

8. Of his state, for his condi-
 tion.

From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.

35 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I háve | posséss'd¹ | your gráce | of whát |
I púr|pose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light

40 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You will ask me, why I rather chooso to have
A weight of carrion² flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour³ ! Is it answered ?

45 What, if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned⁴ ? What, are you answered yet ?
* * * *

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

50 *Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my
answer.

Ant. I pray you, think you question⁵ with the
Jew !

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate⁶ his⁷ usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
55 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,

As seek to soften that—than which what's
harder ?—

His Jewish heart. * * *

1. Possessed, informed.	<i>bane</i> , destruction.]	[late.
2. Carrion, dead ; worthless ; unfit for food. [Lat. <i>caro</i> , flesh.]	5. Question, argue ; expostu-	
3. Humour, particular fancy.	6. Bate, abate ; lessen.	
4. Baned, poisoned. [A.-S.	7. His, its. [See page 341, note 1.]	

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats¹ here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

- 60 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

- 65 You have | among | you mány a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts²,

Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

- 70 Why sweat they under burthens³? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned⁴ with such viands⁵? You will answer,
"The slaves are ours":—so do I answer you.

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:

- 75 If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

* * * * *

Enter PORTIA, dressed as a doctor of laws.

Duke. Give me your hand: Came you from old
Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

- 80 *Duke.* You are welcome: take your place⁶.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

1. Ducat, a coin formerly common in several continental states, especially in Italy, Austria, and Russia. The average value of a silver ducat was from 3s. to 1s. and of a gold ducat about 9s. 4d. [*Lat. dux, a duke.*]

2. Parts, capacities.

3. Burthens, burdens.

4. Seasoned, gratified; tickled.

5. Viands, dainties. —See page 356, note 5.

6. Take your place.—"Portia throughout the trial appears as a judge, not as an advocate, and she is therefore placed on the judgment seat, below the Duke's throne."

- Por.* I am informèd throughly¹ of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?
- 85 *Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand for
Por. Is your name Shylock ?
Shy. Shylock is my nam
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
- 90 Cannot impugn² you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger³, do you not ? [*To ANTONIO*]
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond ?
Ant. I do.
- 95 *Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that
Por. The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
- 100 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal⁴ power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
105 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
- 110 When mercy seasons⁵ justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
115 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

1. Thoroughly, thoroughly.
2. Impugn (im-pūn'), gain-say ;
contradict ; attack by words or
arguments. [*Lat. m, against, and*
pugno, I fight.]

3. Danger, reach ; power.
4. Temporal, belonging to this
world, not eternal. [*Lat. tempus*
time.]
5. Seasons, tempers ; moderates

- To mitigate¹ the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
120 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

- Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
125 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth². And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
130 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establish'd:

- 'Twill be recorded for a precedent³,
And many an error, by the same example,
135 Will rush into the state: it cannot be. [Daniel!]

Shy. A Daniel⁴ come to judgment! yea, a
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

- Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
140 *Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

- Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;
145 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

1. Mitigate, make moderate;
make less hard. [*Lat. mitis*, mild.]

2. Truth, honesty.

3. Precedent, an example, or
rule, to go by on similar occasions

in the future.

4. Daniel, "Judge of God,"
the fourth of the greater prophets.
Darius Hystaspes made him his
prime minister (6th century B. C.).

- Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor¹.
 150 It doth appear you are a worthy judge:
 You know the law, your exposition²
 Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
 155 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
 160 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For, the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond;—
 165 *Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
 How much more older³ art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast
 So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?—
 170 Nearest his heart, those are the very words. [flesh
Por. It is so. Are there balance⁴ here to weigh the
Shy. I have them ready. [charge
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
 175 *Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
 'Twere good you do so much⁵ for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
 180 *Ant.* But little: I | am armed, | and well |
 prepared.

1. According to the tenor, according to what is written in the bond.

2. Exposition, interpretation.

3. More elder.—See page 366, note 2.

4. Balance.—Plural here, as it takes two scales to make a balance [Lat. *bis*, twice, and *lana*, a scale.

5. 'Twere good you do so much, it would be good if you were to do so much.

- Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
 For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
 Than is her custom : it is still her use,
 185 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
 To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
 An age of poverty : from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.
 Commend me to your honourable wife :
 190 Tell her the process¹ of Antonio's end,
 Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love².
 Repent³ not you that you shall lose your friend,
 195 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart⁴.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
 Which⁵ is as dear to me as life itself ;
 200 But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteemed above thy life ;
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
 Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
 205 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
 * * * * *
- Shy.* We trifle time : I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge !
 210 *Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
 The law allows it, and the court awards it. [prepare !
Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! Come,
Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—

1. *Process*, the manner in which it was brought about.

2. *Love*, lover ; friend.

3. *Repent*, grieve ; regret.

4. *With all my heart*.—Mark the pun.

5. *Which*, who. [This usage is now obsolete.]

- This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
 215 The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh ' :
 Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscat¹
 220 Unto the state of Venice. [judge
Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned
Shy. Is that the law ?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act² :
 For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
 225 Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew !—a learned
 judge !
Shy. I take his offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
 230 *Por.* Soft !
 The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 235 Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just³ a pound of flesh ; if thou tak'st more,
 Or less, than a just pound⁴,—be it but so much
 As makes it light or heavy, in the substance
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 240 Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation⁵ of a hair,—
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscat.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip⁶.

1. Confiscate, forfeited and adjudged to the public treasury, as the goods of a criminal. [Lat. *con*, and *seque*, a money-bag, the state treasury.]

2. The act, the written decree.

3. Just, exactly.

4. A just pound, just a pound, exactly a pound.

5. Estimation, reckoning ; calculation ; weight.

6. Have thee on the hip, have the advantage of thee. [A wrestling phrase.]

- 245 *Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? Take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
- 250 *Gra.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
- 255 *Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it !
 I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew !
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
- 260 If it be proved against an alien¹,
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which² he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
- 265 Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy³
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament⁴, I say, thou stand'st :
 For, it appears by manifest proceeding,
- 270 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly⁵ by me rehearsed⁶.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
- 275 *Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself :
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

1. Alien, a foreigner. [Lat. *alienus*, alien, from *alius*, another.]
 2. The which.—“Which” is here regarded as an indefinite adjective qualifying “party” understood, and “the” is attached to “which” to make it definite. [This

usage is now obsolete.]

3. In the mercy, at the mercy.

4. Predicament, difficult position. [Lat. *predico*, I affirm.]

5. Formerly, above ; heretofore, previously.

6. Rehearsed, detailed ; cited.

Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirits¹,

280 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

285 *Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that ;

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

290 *Gra.* A halter² gratis³, nothing else, for God's sake

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court.

To quit⁴ the fine for one half of his goods ;

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use⁵, to render⁶ it,

295 Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift,

300 Here in the court, of all he dies possessed⁷,

Unto his son⁸ Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant⁹

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say ?

305 *Shy.* I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence :

1. Spirits, natures ; dispositions.

2. Halter, a rope for hanging malefactors.

3. Grátis, free of charge ; for nothing. [Lat. *gratia*, favour].

4. Quit, remit ; give up.

5. In use, lent on interest.

6. Render, give.

7. Supply "of" after "pos-
sessed."

8. Son, son-in-law.

9. Recant, withdraw ; revoke ; retract. [Lat. *re*, and *canto*, I sing.]

I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee¹ gone, but do it.

* * * *

25.—SCENES FROM KING JOHN.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Room in a Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS. [stand

Hub. HEAR' me² | these | Irons hót, | and loók | thou

Within the arras³ : whon I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

And bind the boy which⁴ you shall find with me,

5 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1st Attend. I hope your warrant⁵ will bear out
the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly⁶ scruples ! Fear not you : look
to 't. [Exit ATTENDANTS.

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say⁷ with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

10 *Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more⁸ prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been morrior.

Arth. Mercy on me !

15 Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :

Yot, I remembor, when I was in Franco,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness⁹. By my christendom¹⁰,

So I were out of prison and kept sheep,

1. Thee, thou.

2. Me.—An example of the *ethic dative*.

3. Arras, the drapery with which the room was hung. [Curtains or tapestries were first made at Arras, a town in Franco.]

4. Which.—See page 330, note 4.

5. Your warrant, the authority given you by the king.

6. Uncleanly, unbecoming.

7. Say, speak.

8. More prince, greater prince.

9. Wantonness, frolesomeness ; affectation. [christening.

10. Christendom, baptism ;

- 20 I should be merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt¹
 My uncle practises² more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
 25 No, indeed is 't not ; and I would to Heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. (Aside.) If I talk to him, with his innocent
 prate³

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead ;
 Therefore I will be sudden and despatch. [day :

- 30 *Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? You look pale to-
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you ;
 I warrant⁴ I love you more than you do me.

Hub. (Aside.) His words do take possession of my
 bosom.—

- 35 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
(Aside.) How now, foolish rheum⁵ !
 Turning dispiteous⁶ torture out of door ?
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

- 40 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ⁷ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine⁸ eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

- 45 *Hub.* And I will. [but ache,

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 ('The best I had, a princess wrought⁹ it me,)

1. Doubt, fear ; suspect.

2. Practises, plots ; contrives.

3. Prate, talk ; prattle.

4. I warrant, I assure you.

5. Rheum, water in the eyes ;
 tears. [Gr. *rhēō*, I flow.]

6. Dispiteous, having no pity ;
 cruel. [Obsolete.]

7. Fair writ, fairly written ;
 legible.

8. Mine.—This form was once
 regularly used before nouns begin-
 ning with vowels, *my* being used
 before consonants. Now this use is
 confined to poetry. [dered

9. Wrought, worked ; embroi-

- And I did never ask it you again ;
 50 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon¹ cheered up the heavy time,
 Saying *What lack you ? and Where lies your grief ?*
 Or, *What good love may I perform for you ?*
 55 Many a poor man's son would have lain still
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning ; do, an if² you will :
 60 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes that never did nor never³ shall
 So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;

- 65 And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench his fiery indignation,
 70 Even in the matter⁴ of mine innocence :
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But⁵ for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron ?
 An if² an angel should have come to me,
 75 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him : no tongue but
 Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter ATTENDANTS with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

1. Still and anon, ever and anon ; at intervals and repeatedly ; continually.

2. An if, a redundant expression. The modern *y'* and the older *on* both come from the Sax. *yifan* ;

1 give, I grant.

3. Nor never. See page 342, note 6.

4. Matter, substance extended

leaves.

5 But, were it not for

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

80 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be¹ so boisterous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

85 Nay, hear me, Hubert; drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly²;

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

90 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1st *Attendl.*—I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [Exeunt ATTENDANTS.]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart—

95 Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

100 *Arth.* Oh, Heaven!—that there were but a mote³ in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous⁴ there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

105 *Hub.* Is this your promise? go to⁵, hold your tongue.

1. What need you be, what need is there that you should be; why need you be.

2. Angerly, angrily.

3. Mote, a small particle of dust; anything proverbially small.

[D. mot, dust.]

4. Boisterous, troublesome.

5. Go to.—An old phrase of scornful exhortation, meaning "come now," "have done," "say no more."

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace¹ of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
110 So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

115 *Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create² for comfort, to be used³
In undeserv'd extremes⁴; see also⁵ yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven has blown his⁶ spirit out
120 And strewed repentant ashes⁷ on his⁶ head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
125 And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre⁸ him on,
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office, only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
130 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses⁹.

Hub. Woll, see to live. I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes¹⁰;
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

1. A brace, a pair; a couple.

2. Create, created.

3. To be used, at being used.

4. Extremes, extreme severities; cruelties.

5. Else, otherwise, i. e., if you do not believe me.

6. His, its. See page 344, note 1.

7. Repentant ashes.—An al-

lusion to the custom of penitents strowing ashes on their heads as a token of repentance.

8. Tarre on, set on; incite. [O. E. *tarien*, to irritate.]

9. Creatures of note, &c., things well known for uses the reverse of merciful.

10. Owes, owns; possession.

135 *Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguisèd¹.

Hub. Peace ! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these doggèd² spies with false reports ;

140 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless³ and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ! no more. Go closely⁴ in with me ;
145 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

* * * * *

KING JOHN and HUBERT. [night ;

Hub. My lord, they say five moons⁵ were soon to-
Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

150 *Hub.* Old men and beldams⁶ in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths ;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;

155 And he that speaks doth gripe⁷ the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,

160 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;

1. Disguised, *i.e.*, not yourself.
2. Dogged, surly.
3. Doubtless, free from fear of harm.
4. Closely, stealthily; secretly.
5. Five moons.—Such superstitions were very common in those days.

6. Beldam, beldame, an ugly old woman; a hag. [*Fr. belle, handsome, and dame, lady. Compare beldire, a grandfather. Beldam was at one time applied respectfully to elderly women, but afterwards it came to be a term of opprobrium.*]
7. Gripe, grip; hold tightly.

- Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 105 That were embattailèd¹ and ranked in Kent :
 Another lean unwashed artificer²
 Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess³ me with
 these fears ?
 Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
 170 Thy hand hath murdered him ; I had a mighty cause
 'To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had'st, my lord ! why, did you not provoke⁴
 me ?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant⁵,
 175 To break within the sacred house of life ;
 And, on the winking of authority⁷,
 To understand a law ; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour⁸ than advised respect⁹.
 180 *Hub.* Here is your hand and seal¹⁰ for what I did.
K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
 and earth
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation !
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 185 Makes ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature marked,

1. Embattailed, drawn up in form of battle ; embattled.

2. Artificer, artisan ; mechanic.

3. Possess, fill ; imbue ; infect.

4. No had, had not ! [*No does, no did, no will* were similarly used to express surprise at a denial.]

5. Provoke, instigate ; incite. [*Lat. pro, and voco, I call.*]

6. Slaves that, &c. The murder of Thomas à Becket may be adduced as an illustration.

7. Winking of authority, the slightest hint from one in power.

8. Humour, sudden change of temper.

9. Advised respect, deliberate consideration.

10. Hand and seal, warrant.

- Quoted¹, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not² come into my mind :
 But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect³,
 190 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
 Apt, liable⁴, to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee⁵ of Arthur's death ;
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,
 Made it no conscience⁶ to destroy a prince.
- 195 *Hub.* My lord,— [a pause,
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
 When I spake darkly⁷ what I purposed,
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
 As bid me tell my tale in éxpress words,
 200 Deep shame had⁸ struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley⁹ with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 205 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state¹⁰ is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 210 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom¹¹, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

1. Quoted, indicated ; pointed out.

2. Had not, would not have.

3. Abhorred aspect, hateful appearance.

4. Apt, liable, well fitted.

5. Faintly broke with thee, distantly broached the subject.

6. Made it no conscience, had no scruples ; had no compunction.

7. Darkly, obscurely ; not openly or plainly.

8. Had, would have.

9. Parley, talk ; converse. [Fr. *parler*, to speak.]

10. State, royalty.

11. This kingdom.—The body natural is compared to the body politic. The term *microcosm* or little world [Gr. *mikros*, small, and *cosmos*, world] was often applied to man as a supposed epitome of the exterior universe called *macrocosm* or great world [Gr. *makros*, great, and *cosmos*, world].

- Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,
 215 I'll make a peace between your soul and you ;
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden¹ and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never entered yet
 220 The dreadful motion² of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slandered nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly³,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers⁴,
 225 *K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 230 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient⁵ haste :
 I conjure⁶ thee but slowly ; run more fast.
 [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR on the Walls.

- 235 *Arth.* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—
 There's few, or none, do know⁷ me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance⁸ hath disguised me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
 240 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

1. Maiden, unstained with blood.
 2. Motion, suggestion.
 3. Exteriorly, outwardly.
 4. The peers, the lords ; the nobles.
 5. Expedient, quick ; expeditious.
 6. Conjure, enjoin earnestly ;

adjure. [Now accented on the second syllable when used in this sense.]

7. Do know.—The nominative is that understood.

8. Ship-boy's semblance, disguise of a sailor-boy.

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh, me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones

[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALSBURY, BIGOT, and other LORD.

* * * * *

245 Sal. This is the prison.—What is he lies here?
[Seeing ARTHUR's body.

Pem. Oh, death, made proud with pure and princel
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

* * * * *

Sal. It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice¹ and the purpose of the king:
250 From whose obedience² I forbid my soul,
Knocking before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
255 Never to be infected³ with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of reveng.
Pem., Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

260 Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt⁴, thou hateful villain, get thee⁵ gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

* * * * *

1 Practice, contrivance.
2. Whose obedience, obedi-
ence to whom.
3. Infected, filled. [Generally
used in a bad sense]

4. Avaunt, begone. [An excla-
mation of abhorrence. Fr. *avant*,
en avant, forward, march, from
Lat. *ab ante*.]
5. Thee, thou.

265 *Big.* Who killed this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

I honoured him, I loved him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

270 For villainy is not without such rheum¹;

And he, long traded² in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse³ and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

275 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury⁴, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

* * * * *

26.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

HAMLET.

1. And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons.

Act I., Sc. 1.

2. But I have that within, which passeth⁵ show;

These, but the trappings⁶ and the suits of woe.

Act I., Sc. 11

3. Frailty, thy name is woman!

Ibid.

4. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Ibid.

5. Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Ibid.

6. In the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments⁷ are most imminent!

Act I., Sc. 111.

1. Rheum, tears. [See page 380, note 5.]

2. Traded, practised, as if it were his trade.

3. Remorse, pity. [See page 341, note 5.]

4. Bury, Bury St. Edmunds.

5. Passeth, surpasses.

6. Trappings, dress; external and superficial decorations.

7. *Ibid.*—Contraction of *lat. ibidem*, in the same place.

8. Blastment, blight; sudden stroke of some destructive cause.

7. Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
 Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance¹ treads,
 And recks² not his own rede³. *Act I., Sc. III.*
8. It is a custom
 More honoured in the breach, than the observance. *Act I., Sc. IV.*
9. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! *Ibid.*
10. One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Act I., Sc. V.
11. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Ibid.*
12. The time is out of joint. *Ibid.*
13. Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act II., Sc. II.*
14. Still harping on my daughter! *Ibid.*
15. There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
 makes it so. *Ibid.*
16. Use every man after his desert, and who should
 'scape whipping? *Ibid.*
17. What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? *Ibid.*
18. Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
Act III., Sc. I.
19. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
 shalt not escape calumny. *Ibid.*
20. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue,
 sword;
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers! *Ibid.*

1. Dalliance, pleasure; enjoyment
 [From *dally*.]

2. Recks not, cares not for.
 3. Rede, advice; counsel.

21. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment¹ of two brothers. *Act III., Sc. II.*
22. 'Tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist² with his own petar³. *Ibid.*
23. Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Act IV., Sc. III.*
24. So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act IV., Sc. I.*
25. When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ibid.*
26. There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his⁴ will. *Ibid.*
27. We must speak by the card⁵, or equivocation⁶
will undo us. *Act IV., Sc. I.*
28. The age is grown so picked⁷, that the toe of the
peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier,
he galls his kibe⁸. *Ibid.*
29. Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*
30. Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mow, and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*
31. There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act V., Sc. II.*

1. Counterfeit presentment, imitating representation.

2. Hoist, hoisted.

3. Petar, petard, an engine of war made of metal, and used for breaking gates, barricades, &c., by explosion. *Hoist with his own petar*, caught in his own trap.

4. His, its. [See page 344, note 1.]

5. Speak by the card, speak accurately from information (as in telling a ship's bearing by the compass card).

6. Equivocation, ambiguity of speech.

7. Picked, choice, select; dainty.

8. Kibe, a chap or crack in the flesh; a chilblain.

KING LEAR.

1. Striving to better, oft we mar whats well¹.
Act I., Sc. IV
2. I am a man,
More sinned against than sinning. *Act III., Sc. II.*
3. Aye, every inch a king. *Act IV., Sc. VI.*
4. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools. *Ibid*
5. Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. *Ibid*
6. Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.
Act V., Sc. III.

MACBETH.

1. I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Act I., Sc. VII.*
2. The labour we delight in physics² pain.
Act II., Sc. II
3. Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Act. IV., Sc. III
4. My way of life
Is fallen into the sear³, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have. *Act V., Sc. III*
5. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? *Ibid*
6. Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it. *Ibid*

OTHELLO.

1. We cannot all be mastors. *Act I., Sc. I.*
2. The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. *Act I., Sc. III.*

1. Compare the proverb—
Leave well alone.

2. Physics, cures. [Gr. *physis*,

nature.]

3. Sear, sere, dry; withered;
no longer green.

3. The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief. *Act I., Sc. III*
4. Oh, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part, Sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Act II., Sc. III.*
5. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains. *Ibid.*
6. What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ? *Ibid*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

1. The weakest goes to the wall. *Act I., Sc. I*
2. Saint-seducing gold. *Ibid.*
3. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Act II., Sc. II.*
4. What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Ibid.*
5. Good night ! good night ! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.*
6. My poverty, but not my will, consents. *Act I., Sc. I*

CYMBELINE.

1. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty¹ sloth,
Finds the down² pillow hard. *Act III., Sc. IV.*
2. Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Act IV., Sc. II.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

1. Lowliness is young ambition's ladder. *Act II., Sc. I.*
2. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

1. Resty, indisposed to exertion ; stiff with too much rest.

2. Down, made of down or soft feathers.

3. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.

KING JOHN.

1. He that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vilo hold to stay him up¹.
Act III., Sc. IV.
2. And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
Act IV., Sc. II.
3. This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Act V., Sc. VII*
4. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

KING RICHARD II.

1. The ripest fruit first falls. *Act II., Sc. I.*
2. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.
Act II., Sc. III.
3. Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed² king.
Act III., Sc. II.
4. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *Act V., Sc. II.*

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

1. But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil³ on the ninth part of a hair.
Act III., Sc. I.
2. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
Act V., Sc. IV.
3. The better part of valour is discretion. *Ibid.*

1. Proverb—"A drowning man will catch at a straw."
2. Anointed, consecrated by unction, or the use of oil. [Lat. *unctum*, to anoint.]
3. Cavil, hagglo. [Lat. *cavilla*, a trick, a quibble.]

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

1. Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news,
Hath but a losing office. *Act I., Sc. I.*
2. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
Act II., Sc. IV.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Act III., Sc. II.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

1. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.
Act II., Sc. II.
2. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Act IV., Sc. VIII.
3. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
Act V., Sc. VI.

KING RICHARD III.

1. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
Act III., Sc. I.
2. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Act IV., Sc. IV.
3. The king's name is a tower of strength.
Act V., Sc. III.

KING HENRY VIII.

1. 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked¹ up in a glistening grief²,
And wear a golden sorrow². *Act II., Sc. III.*
2. Press not a falling man too far. *Act III., Sc. II.*

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

1. Perked up, dressed up. | 2. An example of *oxymoron*.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

1. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Act II., Sc. I.
2. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat^a for duty, not for meed^a!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion.
Act II., Sc. III.
3. Good wine needs no bush'. *Epilogue^b.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

1. No profit grows where is no pleasure taken;
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect^a.
Act I., Sc. I.
2. And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Act I., Sc. II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Act II., Sc. III.
2. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Act V., Sc. III.*

1. Antique, smacking of by-gone days. [Lat. *antiquus*, ancient.]

2. Sweat, sweated; toiled; laboured.

3. Meed, reward.

4. Bush, a branch of a tree, properly of ivy, as sacred to Bacchus, fixed or hung out as a

tavern sign.

5. Epilogue, a discourse addressed to the audience by one of the actors, after the conclusion of a dramatic performance. [Gr. *epi*, upon, and *logō*, I speak. Opposed to *prologue*.]

6. Affect, like; take pleasure in.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrust upon them.

Act II., Sc. I.

THE TEMPEST.

1. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-follows.

Act II., Sc. II.

2. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on¹, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Act IV., Sc. I.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

O, what a world of vile ill-favoured² faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Act III., Sc. IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

1. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt³.
2. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
3. But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.
4. That in the captain's but a choleric⁴ word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy⁵.
5. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Act I., Sc. I.

Act II., Sc. II.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Act III., Sc. I.

1. On, of.
2. Ill-favoured, ugly.
3. Proverb—*Who never tries,
won't win the prize.*
4. Choleric, angry. [Gr. *cholē*,

bile, anger.]

5. Blasphemy, grossly irreverent or outrageous language. [Gr. *blasphēmō*, I injure, and *phēmō*, to speak.]

6. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Act IV., Sc. II.

7. They say, best men are moulded out of faults.
Act I., Sc. I.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

1. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Act I., Sc. I.

2. I have no other but a woman's reason: I think
him so, because I think him so.
Act I., Sc. II.

3. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
Act I., Sc. IV.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Crabbed¹ age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance²,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave³;
Age like winter bare.
Stanza X.

VII.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

(1540-1607.)

CONTENTMENT.*

1. My wealth | is health | and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all did so as well as I!

1. Crabbed, austere; sour;
morose; cynical. [From *crab*, a
small, wild, very sour apple.]

2. Pleasance, pleasure; gaiety;

morrimont.

3. Brave, making a fine display;
splendid; gorgeous.

* See Part I., page 22.

2. I kiss not where I wish to kill,
 I feign not love where most I hate,
 I do no wrong to win my will,
 I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

VIII.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

(1562-1619.)

Unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

IX.

DR. JOHN DONNE.

(1573-1631.)

We understood
 Her by her sight ; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say her body thought.

X.

BEN JONSON.

(1574-1637.)

1.—ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

- LEARN' to | be wise, | and practise how | to thrive,
 That would I have you do ; and not to spend
 Your coin on every bauble¹ that you fancy,
 Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 5 I would not have you to invade² each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert³,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.

1. Bauble, a gawdaw ; a trifle.
 2. Invade, to go into ; enter.
 Lat. *in*, into, and *vado*, I go.]

3. Desert, merit ; worth ; excellence. [Lat. *de*, and *servio*, I serve.]

- He that is so respectless¹ in his courses,
 10 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery², lest, while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 15 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But moderate your expenses now (at first)
 20 As you may keep the same proportion still;
 Nor stand³ so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
 Except⁴ you make or hold it.

2.—EPITAPH⁵ ON A LADY.

UN'DER|NÉATH this | stóne doth | líe
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.

3.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UN'DER|NÉATH this | sáble⁶ | héarse⁷
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 5 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

1. **Respectless**, regardless; indifferent; having no respect or regard for reputation.

2. **Bravery**, show; ostentation; splendour; magnificence.

3. **Stand on** (or upon), to attach a high value to; to make much of.

4. **Except**, unless

5. **Epitaph**, an inscription on a tomb or monument in honour or memory of the dead. [Gr. *epi*, upon, and *taphos*, a tomb.]

6. **Sable**, black. [Used chiefly in poetry.]

7. **Hearse**, herse, a bier; a bier with a coffin.

XI.
JOHN FLETCHER.
(1576-1625.)

1.—MAN IS HIS OWN STAR.

MÁN is | his ówn | stár, and | the sóul | that cún
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
5 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

2.—WEEP NO MORE.¹

WHEE' no | móre, nor | sígh, nor | gróan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone :
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
5 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see :
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
10 Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo².

1. Compare—

1. "Weep no more, lady, weep
no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain ;
For violets plucked, the sweetest
showers
Will ne'er make grow again."
*Percy's Reliques.—The Friar
of Orders Gray.*
2. "Shed no tear, O shed no tear,
The flower will bloom another
year.
Weep no more, O weep no more,
Young buds sleep in the root's
white core.
Dry your eyes, O dry your eyes,
For I was taught in paradise

To ease my breast of melodies.
Shed no tear !
Overhead, look overhead,
'Mong the blossoms white and
red,
Look up, look up ; I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate
bough.
See me,—'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear, O shed no tear,
The flower will bloom another
year.
Adieu, adieu ! I fly—adieu !
I vanish in the heavens' blue.
Adieu, adieu !"
Keats.

2. Mo, more.

XII.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(1586-1616.)

(1576-1625.)

1. Calamity is man's true touchstone¹.
2. What's one man's poison, signor²,
Is another's meat or drink.
3. Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him.

XIII.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

(1584-1640.)

1.—THE CONDITION OF KINGS HUMAN.

- WHEREFORE pay you
This adoration to | a sinful creature?
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto
- 5 The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes
By oil-tongued Flattery imposed upon us,
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The deputy of Heaven, and in that
 - 10 Omnipotent, with all false titles else,
Coined to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
And by the breath of sycophants³ applied,
Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.

1. Compare—
"Ignis aurum probat, miseria
fortes viros." *Seneca*.

2. Signor, signior (sēn'yor),
an English form of the Italian
Signore, Spanish *Señor*, equivalent
to the English *Sir* or *M^r*, the
French *Monsieur*, and the German

Herr. [Lat. *senior*, older.]

3. Sycophant (sik'o-fant), a
parasite; a mean flatterer. [Gr.
sykon, a fig, and *phainō*, I show.
Originally, an informer in Athens,
that sought favour by denouncing
those who exported figs contrary
to law.]

- We may give poor men riches, confer honours
 15 On undeservers¹, raise or ruin such
 As are beneath us, and, with this puffed up,
 Ambition would persuade us to forget
 That we are men : but He that sits above us,
 And to whom, at our utmost rate², we are
 20 But pageant properties³, derides our weakness :
 In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
 Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
 That bow unto my sceptre ? or restore
 My mind to that tranquillity and peace
 25 It then enjoyed ?

2.—THE BOND MEN OF CORINTH TO THE
 CORINTHIAN CHIEFS.

- BRIEFLY thus,
 Since I must speak for all :—Your tyr'anny'
 Has drawn us from obedience. Happy times
 Were those when lords were fathers called of families,
 5 And not imperious masters ; when they numbered⁴
 Their servants almost equal with their sons,
 Or one degree beneath them ; when their labours
 Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
 Set to their sufferings ; when ye did not press
 10 Their duties or their wills beyond the power [ordered⁵
 And strength of their performance. ' Things were
 With such decorum⁶, that wise law-makers
 From each well-governed private house derived
 The perfect model of a commonwealth.
 15 Humanity informed⁷ the hearts of men,
 And thankful masters carefully provided
 For creatures wanting reason. 'The noble horse

1. Undeservers, men of no merit ; unworthy men.

2. At our utmost rate, at our best.

3. Pageant properties, mere shows.

4. Numbered, accounted ; considered.

5. Ordered, managed.

6. Decorum, propriety. [Lat. *dignus, decus, græce.*]

7. Informed, animated.

- That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
 Neighed courage to his lord, and bore him on
 20 Safe to triumphant victory,—old or wounded,
 Was set at liberty, and freed from service ;
 The mule that from the quarry drew the marble,
 To raise the temples of the gods, at length
 When the great work was ended, was dismissed,
 25 And fed at public cost ; the faithful dog
 Has found a sepulchre. But masters now,—
 Since pride stepped in, and riot, and o’turned
 ‘This goodly frame of concord,—masters now
 Do glory in the abuse of fellow-men
 30 Brought under their command, and do esteem¹ them
 E’en less than brutes when they are grown unuseful².
 ‘This you have practised ;—you :—and if redress
 Of these just grievances be granted not,
 We’ll right ourselves, and with strong hand defend
 35 What we are now possessed of.

XIV.

THOMAS CAREW.

(1589-1639.)

DISDAIN RETURNED.

1. He that | loves a | rosy | cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
2. But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

1. Esteem, regard as.

2. Unuseful, useless.

XV.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

(1592-1644.)

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.

XVI.

GEORGE HERBERT.

(1593-1632.)

1. A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
2. Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
3. Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?
4. Do well and right, and let the world sink¹.
5. His bark is worse than his bite.
6. After death the doctor!
7. God's mill grinds slow but sure.
8. It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
9. To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure².
10. Help thyself, and God will help thee³.

XVII.

MARTYN PARKER.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.*

Ye gentlemen | of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

1. Compare—

"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

2. Proverb—*God tempers the wind
to the shorn lamb.*3. Proverb—*God helps those who
help themselves.** The original of Campbell's *Ye
Mariners of England.*

XVIII.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

(1609-1641.)

1. Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.
2. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

XIX.

ROBERT HERRICK.

(1591-1674.)

MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER | ye rose-buds while | ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

XX.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

(1618-1658.)

1. Stone walls do not a prison make¹,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
2. Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

1. Lovelace was imprisoned for presenting a petition from the people of Kent in favour of King Charles I.

XXI.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

(1615-1668.)

O, could I flow like thee¹, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

Cooper's Hill.

XXII.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

(1618-1667.)

1. What shall I do to be for ever known,
 And make the age to come my own ?
2. His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right².
3. Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington³ will grow,
 A solitude almost.
4. God the first garden made, and the first city Cain⁴.

XXIII.

EDMUND WALLER.

(1605-1687.)

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

1. Thee, *i.e.*, the Thames.

2. Compare—

"For modes of faith let grace-
 less zealots fight ;

His can't be wrong whose life
 is in the right."

Pope.

A district of London.

4. Compare—

1. "God made the country,
 and man made the town."

Cooper.

2. "Divina natura dedit
 agros, ars humana edificavit
 urbes."

Parr.

XXIV.

JOHN MILTON.

(1608-1674.)

1.—ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

- WHEN' I | consid'or hów | my líght | is spént
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent¹ which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 5 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"²
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need"
 10 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His
 state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 14 They also serve who only stand and wait."

Sonnet.

2.—ADAM AND EVE.

- Two of | far nóbl'ér shápe, | eréct | and táll,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
 And worthy seemed: for in their looks divine
 5 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude³ sovero and pure,
 Severe, but in true filial⁴ freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men: though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed;
 10 For contemplation he and valour formed,
 For softness she and sweet attractive graco;

1. Matthew, xxv. 26.

2. Job, vii. 1.

3. Job, xxxv. 7.

4. Sanctitude, holiness; sanc-

tity. [Lat. *sanctus*, holy.]5. Filial, like that of a son or daughter. [Lat. *filius*, a son; *filia*, a daughter.]

- He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine¹ locks
 15 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
 Dishevelled², but in wanton ringlets waved,
 20 As the vine curls her tendrils.

Paradise Lost, Book II.

3.—EVENING IN PARADISE.

- Now' came | still év'ning ón, and twilight gráý
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 Thoy to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 5 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She all night long her amorous descant³ sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires⁴ ; Hesperus⁵, that led
 'The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 10 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle throw.
 When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort⁶, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 15 Mind⁷ us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men,
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines

1 Hyacinthine, resembling hyacinth in colour ; of a dark Auburn colour.

2 Dishevelled, hanging in a loose or negligent manner. [Lat. *dis*, apart, and *capillus*, the hair of the head.]

3 Descant, a song or tune. [Lat. *dis*, and *cantus*, singing.]

4 Sapphire, a precious stone,

next in hardness and value to the diamond. [Ar. *saffr.*]

5, Hesperus, the planet Venus, when she appears in the evening. [Gr. *hesperos*, Lat. *vesper*, the evening.]

6, Consort, companion ; partner ; wife. [Lat. *con*, and *sors*, sort, kind.]

7. Mind, put in mind ; remind

- Our eyelids ; other creatures all day long
 20 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest :
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive¹ range,
 25 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys² green,
 30 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring³, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton⁴ growth ;
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 35 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.”
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :
 “ My author and disposer, what thou biddest
 Unargued I obey : so God ordains.
 40 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman’s happiest knowledg and her praise.
 With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 45 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient⁵ beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 50 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :

1. Unactive, inactive.	ming. [Lat. <i>manus</i> , the hand.]
2. Alleys, inclosed walks in a garden. [Fr. <i>aller</i> , to go.]	
3. Manuring, pruning ; trim-	
	4. Wanton, rank ; luxuriant.
	5. Orient, rising. [Lat. <i>orion</i> , I rise.]

- But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 55 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful¹ evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
 60 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"
 To whom our general² ancestor replied:
 "Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth
 65 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering³ light prepared, thoy set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 70 In nature and all things; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat
 Of various influence, foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 75 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
 That heaven would want⁴ spectators, God want⁴ praise.
 80 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;
 All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
 Both day and night. How often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 85 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator! oft in bands

1. Grateful, delightful. [Lat. *gratus*, pleasing, thankful.]

2. General, common.

3. Ministering, giving; supplying. [Lat. *minister*, a servant.]

4. Want, lack; be without.

- While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 90 In full harmonic number joined, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower: it was a place
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when He framed
 95 All things to man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel, and myrtle, and what higher grow
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus¹ and each odorous bushy shrub
 100 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris² all hues, roses, and jessamine [wrought
 Roared high their flourished heads between, and
 Mosaic³; under-foot the violet,
 Crocus⁴, and hyacinth⁵, with rich inlay
 105 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem⁶: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of man! * * *
 Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 110 Both turned, and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: "Thou also madest the night,
 Maker Omnipotent! and Thou the day,
 115 Which we, in our appointed work employed,
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss

1. Acanthus, a genus of prickly plants; the bear's breech.

2. Iris, the rainbow. [work.

3. Mosaic (mō-zā'ik), inlaid

4. Crō'cus, a genus of plants bearing brilliant blossoms.

5. Hy'acinth, a plant bearing beautiful spikes of fragrant flowers. [From *Hyacinthus*, a beautiful

youth, fabled to have been accidentally slain by Apollo, who in remorse caused this flower to spring up from his blood.]

6. Emblem, inlay; inlaid or mosaic work; something ornamental inserted in another body. [Gr. *en*, in, and *ballō*, I cast. Obsolete in this sense.]

Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place,
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 120 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."
Paradise Lost, Book IV.

4.—MORNING HYMN.

THESE' are | Thy glorious works, | Parent | of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens,
 5 'To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold Him, and with songs
 10 And choral symphonies², day without night,
 Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye, in Heaven :
 On Earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !
 Fairest of stars³, last in the train of night,
 15 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling Morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
 20 Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou
 fallest.

Moon, that now meetest the orient Sun, now
 fliest,

1. Wondrous, wonderfully.

[*phone, a sound.*]2. Symphonies, harmonious
 sounds. [*tr. sun, together, and*3. Fairest of stars, the planet
 Venus.

- With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies
 25 And ye five other wandering Fires¹, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the oldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion² run
 30 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still³ now praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 35 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the World's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured⁴ sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance His praise.
 40 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarter
 blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
 45 Join voices, all ye living Souls ; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend⁵,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 50 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still

1. Five other wandering Fires.—The five planets known in Milton's time—Mercury, Venus (already invoked), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

2. Quaternion, a set of four parts. [Lat. *quatuor*, four.]

3. Still, ever.

4. Uncoloured, having variety of colour.

5. Compare—

"Hark! hark! the lark
 Heaven's gate sings,"

Shakespeare.

To give us only good; and, if the night
 55 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark!"

Paradise Lost, Book V.

* 5.—EVE'S LAMENT ON HER EXPULSION FROM
 EDEN¹.

Oh! un|expéct|ed stróko², | wórse than | of déath!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hoped to spend,
 5 Quiet though sad, the respite³ of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 10 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial⁴ fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial⁵ bower, by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 15 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world; to this⁶ obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

Paradise Lost, Book XI.

* 6.—GLORY.

For, whát |is gló|ry bú|t | the blá|zo | of fá|me,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?

1. Eden, the garden where Adam and Eve first dwelt. It is supposed to have been near the Persian Gulf, between the Euphrates and the Tigris. [Heb. *eden*, delight.]

2. Stroke, blow; calamity.

3. Respite (*res'pit*), interval of rest.

4. Ambrosial, delicious; wholesome. Ambrosia was the fabled

food of the pagan gods. It was supposed to confer eternal youth on those who ate it. [Gr. *a*, not, and *brotos*, mortal.]

5. Nuptial, pertaining to marriage. [Lat. *nuptia*, marriage, from *nubere*, to marry (used of women), properly to cover, because at her marriage the bride put on a veil.

6. To this, compared to this.

- And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble¹, who extol [praise ?
 5 Things vulgar, and, well-weighed, scarce worth the
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
 And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
 10 Of² whom to be dispraised were³ no small praise ?—
 His lot who dares be singularly good.
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
 * * * * *
- They err, who count it glorious to subdue
 15 By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 20 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 25 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ? *

Paradise Regained, Book III.



7.—FAME.

- FAME' is | the spúr | thát the | clear spírit | doth ráise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)⁴;
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon⁵ when we hope to find,
 5 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

1. Rabble, a mob ; a crowd of
 vulgar, noisy people.

2. Of, by.

3. Were, would be.

4 Compare—

"To murder thousands takes

a specious name,
 War's glorious art, and gives
 immortal fame."

5. Guerdon, reward ; recom-
 pense. [O. Fr. *guerdon*.] *Young.*

Comes the blind Fury¹ with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-span life.

Lycidas.

8.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

PARADISE LOST.

1. To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.
2. Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
3. A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.
4. To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.
5. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
6. So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's² lap.
7. Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven³.

PARADISE REGAINED.

1. Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive.

1. The blind Fury.—The allusion is not to one of the *Furie* or *Dire*, the Avenging Deities, but to *Atropos*, one of the *Parce* or Destinies, goddesses supposed to preside over the birth and life of men. They were three in number—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, “*The*” poets sometimes describe them as aged and hideous women, and even as lame, to indicate the slow march of fate, but in works of

art they are represented as grave maidens, with different attributes, viz., Clotho, with a spindle or a roll (the book of fate); Lachesis, pointing with a staff to the globe; and Atropos, with a pair of scales, or a sun-dial, or a cutting instrument.”

2. Thy mother, i.e., the earth.

3. Compare—

“*Summum nec motuas diem,
nec optes.*”—*Martial*.

2. The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day¹.

SAMSON AGONISTES².

1. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men ;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
2. What boots it at one gate to make defence
And at another to let in the foe ?

COMUS³.

1. Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.
2. He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day ;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
3. 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
She that has that is clad in complete steel.
4. So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey⁴ her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.
5. Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.
6. But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run.

L'ALLEGRO⁵.

1. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity.

1. Compare—
"The child is father of the man."
Wordsworth.

2. Literally, the champion.

3. Comus, a god of festive joy

and mirth ; a base enchanter.

4 Lackey, wait on as lackey-
or servants.

5. L'Allegro, i.e., the merry
man. [It. *allegro*, gay, merry.]

2. Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's¹ learned sock² be on;
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

IL PENSEROSO³.

Sweet bird⁴, that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

LYCIDAS.

1. Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
2. To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

SONNETS.

1. License⁵ they mean when they cry liberty.
2. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

XXV.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

(1600-1680.)

1. I am not now in fortune's power ;
He that is down can fall no lower.
2. As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care of the main chance⁶,
And look before you ere you leap ;
For as you sow, ye are like⁷ to reap.
3. He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

1. Jonson, Ben Jonson.
2. Sock, the shoe worn by the ancient actors of comedy ; hence, comedy, in distinction from tragedy, which is symbolized by the buskin.

3. Il Penseroso, *i.e.*, the thoughtful man, [Italian, from Lat. *pendo*, I weigh, think.]

4. Sweet bird, the nightingale.
5. License, licence, excess of liberty ; undue freedom ; freedom abused, or used in contempt of law or decorum.

6. Main chance, the chance of making gain ; one's own interests generally.

7. Like, likely.

4. With books and money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs¹, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.

XXVI.

ANDREW MARVELL.

(1620-1678.)

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.

XXVII.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(1631-1700.)

1.—REAL NOBILITY.

- SEARCH we the springs,
And backward trace | the principles | of things :
There shall we find that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man ;
5 One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed ;
And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
The same Almighty Power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and formed the souls the same ;
The faculties of intellect and will,
10 Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill ;
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The difference that distinguished man from man.
He claimed no title from descent of blood,
15 But that which made him noble made him good.²
Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
He winged his upward flight, and soared to fame ;

1. Nest-egg, an egg left in the nest to prevent the hen from forsaking it; hence, something laid up as a nucleus or as a lure.

2. Compare—
"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."
Tennyson.

- The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
 This law, though custom now diverts the course,
 20 As Nature's institute, is yet in force,
 Uncancelled, though diffused: and he whose mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;¹
 Though poor in fortune, of celestial race:
 And he commits the crime who calls him base.

2.—HUMAN LIFE.

- WHEN' I | consider life, | 'tis all | a cheat;
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
 'Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
 'To-morrow's falselier than the former day;
 5 Lies worse; and while it says "We shall be blest
 With some new joys," cuts off what we possess.
 Strange cozenage" ! none would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 10 What the first sprightly running could not give.

3.—MANKIND.

- MEN are | but children of | a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,²
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the Soul shut up in her dark room,
 5 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.

1. Compare—

1. "La vertu est la seule noblesse." *French Proverb.*

2. "Virtus sola nobilitat." *Latin Proverb.*

3. "Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus." *Juvenal.*

4. "Man is his own star, and that soul that can

Be honest is the only perfect man." *Hitcher.*

2. Cozenage, trickery; fraud; deceit. [From *cozen*, to cheat, probably merely another form of *cousin*, the original meaning being to deceive through pretext of relationship.]

3. *Theirs*, i.e., of children.

4.—UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

Before his "Paradise Lost."

- THREE póets in | threé dístant álges bórn,
 Greece¹, Italy², and England³ did adorn.
 The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
 5 The next, in majesty; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go;
 To make a third, she joined the former two.

5.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S⁴ DAY, 1697.

1. 'Twas⁵ at | the róyal féast, | for Pér|sia wón
 By Philip's warlike son;⁶
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
 (So should desert in arms be crowned).
 The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!

1. Greece.—The allusion is to Homer, author of the *Iliad*. [See Introduction, p. iii.]

2. Italy.—The greatest poet of ancient Italy was Virgil. [See Introduction, p. iv.]

3. England.—Milton is considered, after Shakespeare, the greatest poet of England, and the greatest of all epic poets of England. [See Introduction, p. xi.]

4. St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music.

5. For Persia won by Philip's warlike son.—Persia was conquered by Alexander the Great in

331 B. C. Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedon. On the assassination of his father in 336 B. C., Alexander ascended the throne of Macedon in his 20th year, and soon distinguished himself by a series of world-renowned conquests. At the age of 22 he invaded Persia and inflicted three signal defeats on the Persians under their king Darius Codomannus. Darius was slain by one of his own satraps, 331 B. C., and the great Persian empire founded by the illustrious Cyrus about 560 B. C. succumbed to the Greeks after a feeble struggle.

None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

2. Timotheus¹, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 The mighty god who rules above.

* * * *

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity ! they shout around :
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

- 3 The praise of Bacchus² then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young.

* * * *

4. Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.
 The master³ saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :

1. Ti-mo'-theus, a poet and musician of Miletus. He was a contemporary and friend of Euripides. [See Introduction, p. iv.] It is said that he received an immense sum from the Ephesians for

a poem in honour of Diana. Only a few fragments of his poems have been preserved. He died in 357 B. C.

2. Bacchus, the god of wine.

3. The master, i.e., Timotheus.

He sung Darius' great and good ;
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul,
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

5. The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian² measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.

* * * *

6. Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,

1. Darius was assassinated in the deserts of Parthia by one of his own satraps named Bessus. Alexander caused Bessus to be put to death for his treachery, and when he came to the spot where the body of the unfortunate king lay weltering in blood, he covered

it with his own cloak and sent it to Persopolis to be buried there with royal honours.

2. Lydia, an ancient division of Asia Minor. "Lydia was an early seat of Asiatic civilization, and exerted a very important influence on the Greeks."

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame¹;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down!

3.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
2. Beware the fury of a patient man².
3. Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught,
 The wise for cure on exercise depend;
 God never made his work for man to mend.
4. For truth has such a face and such a mien
 As to be loved needs only to be seen³.
5. And kind as kings upon their coronation-day.
6. Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,
 "To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived
 to-day."
7. Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
8. Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

1. St. Cecilia is regarded as the inventress of the organ.

2. Compare—
 "Furor fit lessa sepius patientia."
Publius Syrus.

3. Compare—
 "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."
Pope.

9. LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue !
10. Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong¹.

XXVIII.

STEPHEN HARVEY.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame ;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

XXIX.

JOHN BUNYAN.

(1628-1688.)

He that is down needs fear no fall.

XXX.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

(1633-1684.)

1. Choose an author as you choose a friend.
2. Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
3. The multitude is always in the wrong.

XXXI.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Here lies our sovereign lord, the king²,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one³ !

1. Compare—
"The offender never pardons,"—

Herbert.

"Quos læserunt et oderunt."—

Seneca.

"Proprium humani ingenii est
odisse quem læseris."—

Tacitus.

2. The king, i.e., Charles II.

3. "This is easily accounted for,"—said the merry monarch, when he first read this satirical epitaph, which was written on the door of his bed-chamber by his witty favourite, the Earl of Rochester (1647-1680),—"my discourse is my own, my actions are the ministry's."

XXXII.

HENRY ALDRICH.

(1647-1710.)

If on my theme I rightly think,
 There are five reasons why men drink :
 Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
 Or least I should be by and by,
 Or any other reason why.*

XXXIII.

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(1649-1720.)

1. Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
2. Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor ;
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

XXXIV.

THOMAS OTWAY.

(1651-1685.)

WOMAN.

- O wó|man ! lóvely wó|man ! ná|ture máde | you
 To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you ;
 There's in you all that we believe of heaven ;
- 5 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved.

* Translation of a Latin epigram :—
 Si bene commemini, causæ sunt
 quinque bibendi ;

Hospitis adventus ; presens sitis
 atque futura ;
 Et vini bonitas, et quolibet altera
 causa.

XXXV.

JOHN NORRIS.

(1657-1711.)

- How fading are the joys we dote upon !
 Like apparitions seen and gone ;
 But those which soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong ;
 5 Like angels' visits, short and bright,¹
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

XXXVI.

TOM BROWN.

(1663-1704.)

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
 The reason why I cannot tell ;
 But this alone I know full well,
 I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.²

XXXVII.

JOHN POMFRET.

(1667-1703.)

Heaven is not always angry when He strikes,
 But most chastises those whom most He likes

XXXVIII.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

(1664-1721.)

1. Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind.
2. The end must justify the means.

1. Compare—
 "Like angel-visits, few and far
 between."

Campbell,

2. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec pos-
 sum dicere quare ;
 Hoc tantum possum dicere,
 non amo te,"—*Martial.*

3. From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.¹
4. They never taste who always drink ;
They always talk who never think.

XXXIX.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(1672-1719.)

1.—CATO'S² SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

- It must | be so— | Pláto³, | thou réáson'st wéll !—
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
5 Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis héav'n | itsélf | that póints | out an | hereáfter,
And intimates eternity to man.
10 Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought¹ !
'Through what variety of untried being,
'Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !

1. Compare—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."—*Gray*.

2. Cato, Marcus Portius Cato, known as Cato the Younger, or Cato of Utica, the grandson of Cato the Elder, or the Censor. He supported Pompey against Caesar, and after the battle of Pharsalia, in which Pompey was defeated, he retired to Africa, where he joined Metellus Scipio. When Scipio was defeated at Thapsus, and all Africa, with the exception of Utica, submitted to Caesar, Cato resolved to die rather than fall into his enemy's hands. When Caesar came before Utica

Cato retired to his chamber and after reading Plato's "Phædo" or Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, committed suicide by stabbing himself with his sword.

3. Plato, a celebrated Greek philosopher, author of the "Phædo," which contains a pathetic description of the last hours of his master Socrates. Plato is said to have set up the following inscription over the vestibule of the house where he taught philosophy:—"Let no one enter who is unacquainted with geometry."

4. Pleasing, dreadful thought¹—
—An example of *oxymoron*.

- The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
- 15 Here will I hold : If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 'Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue :
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when ! or where ! — This world was made for Cæsar
- 20 I'm weary of conjectures. — 'Thus¹ must end them !
 Thus am I doubly armed ; my death² and life³,
 My bane⁴ and antidote⁵, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
- 25 The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point. —
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
 But thou⁶ shalt flourish in immortal youth,
- 30 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

2.—MARLBOROUGH.

- METHINKS' | I hear | the drum's | tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
- 5 'Twas then great Marlborough's⁷ mighty soul was
 proved,
 'That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
- 10 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,

1. This, *i.e.*, his sword.
 2. My death, *i.e.*, the sword.
 3. Life, *i.e.*, Plato's Book on
 Immortality.
 4. Bane, poison.
 5. Antidote, a remedy against
 poison ; a preventive. [*Gr. anti,*

against, and *dolos*, given.]

6. Thou, *i.e.*, the soul.

7. Marlborough, the Duke of
 Marlborough. In *The Campaign*
 the poet celebrates the victory of
 Blenheim gained by the Duke,
 13th August, 1704.

- Inspired repuls'd squadrons to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by Divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 15 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,¹
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

3.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
2. A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.²
3. When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

XI.

WILLIAM CONGREV.

(1670-1729.)

1. For blessings over wait on virtuous deeds,
 And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
2. Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
 Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
3. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.³

XLI.

AARON HILL.

1. Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

1. An almost unprecedented storm passed over England in November, 1703.

2. Compare—
 "Better fifty years of Europe than

a cycle of Cathay," *Tennyson*.

3. Compare—
 "Be wise to-day! 'Tis madness to defer."

Young's Night Thoughts

2. 'Tis the same with common natures :
 Use them kindly, they rebel ;
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

XLII.

EDWARD YOUNG.

(1684-1765.)

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

1. Procrastination¹ is the thief of time.
2. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.
3. All men think all men mortal but themselves.
4. Man wants but little, nor that little long.²
5. By night an atheist half believes a God.
6. Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
7. That life is long which answers life's great end.
8. Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids ;
 Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
9. And all may do what has by man been done.
10. The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
11. Prayer ardent opens heaven.
12. A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

LOVE OF FAME.

1. The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
 Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

1. Procrastination, the act or habit of putting off to a future time; dilatoriness. [Lat. *pro*, forward, and *cras*, to-morrow.]

2. Compare—
 "Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
Goldsmith.

2. None think the great unhappy, but the great.
3. Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.
4. One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
5. How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.¹

XLIII.

JOHN GAY.

(1688-1732.)

1. Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
2. While there is life there's hope, he cried.²
3. Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
4. And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

XLIV.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(1688-1744.)

1.—MAN'S BLINDNESS TO THE FUTURE.

HEAV'N'from | all creatures hides | the book | of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:³
Or⁴ who could suffer being here below?

1. Hold their farthing candle to the sun, i.e., write worthless notes to explain what is clear as day-light.

2. Compare—

"Ægroto, dum anima est,

spem est."—*Cicero*.

3. From brutes, &c.—The construction is—"Heaven, hides from brutes what men know, and from men what spirits know."

4. Or, otherwise.

- 5 'The lamb thy riot¹ dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason², would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O Blindness to the future! kindly given,
 10 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 15 Hope humbly, then; | with trembling pinion
 soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,³
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 20 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo, the poor Indian⁴! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
 25 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar-walk⁵ or milky-way⁶;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler⁷ heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 30 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold!

1. Riot, luxury; excess; revelry.
 [O. Fr. *riote*, disturbance.]

2. The lamb, &c.—The construction is—"If the lamb whom thy riot dooms to bleed to-day had thy reason, &c."

3. What future bliss, &c.—He does not permit thee to know in what future happiness shall consist.

4. Indian.—The early navigators gave the name of Indians to the aboriginal inhabitants of America, which continent they supposed to be a part of India.

5. The solar-walk, *i.e.*, the ecliptic.

6. Milky-way, the galaxy, a luminous zone in the heavens.

7. Humbler, humbler than ours.

- To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 85 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
 40 Say, here He gives too little, there too much :
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;
 45 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge His justice, be the god of God.

Essay on Man, Epistle 1.

2.—UNIVERSAL ORDER.

- ALL' are | but parts | of óno | stupéndous¹ whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal² frame ;
 5 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 10 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt³ seraph that adores and burns ;
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
 15 Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

1. Stupendous, of astonishing magnitude.

2. Ethereal, heavenly ; robes-

tiál. [Lat. *æther*, *æther*.]

3 Rapt, enraptured. [Lat. *raptus*, I snatch.]

- Submit.—In this or any other sphere,
 20 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 25 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.
 And, spite¹ of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear—'Whatever is, is right.'

Essay on Man, Epistle

3.—SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

- Know' then | thyself, | presume | not God | to scan
 The proper study of mankind is man,
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
 5 With too much knowledge for the sceptic² side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's³ pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast,
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
 10 Born but to die and reasoning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
 Still by himself abused⁴ or disabused;
 15 Created half⁵ to rise and half⁵ to fall,
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Essay on Man, Epistle I.

1. Spite of, in spite of; notwithstanding.

2. Sceptic (skept'ic), one who doubts the existence of God. [Gr. *skeptikos*, thoughtful.]

3. Stoic, a disciple of Zeno, a

philosopher who taught that man should be unmoved by joy or grief [Gr. *stoa*, a porch. Zeno taught at a porch in Athens.]

4. Abused, misled; deceived.

5. Half, partly.

4.—THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

- HONOUR | and shame | from nó | condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made—
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;¹
 5 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl² !'
 I'll tell you, friend !—a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 10 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella³!

Essay on Man, Epistle IV.

5.—KNOWLEDGE PROGRESSIVE.

- FRIEND at | first sight | with what | the múse | imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 5 But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 Now distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 10 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way ;
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

Essay on Criticism.

1. The poet has had to make the verbs change places in this line.
 "One flutters in rags, one flaunts in brocade" is what is meant.

2. Cowl, a monk's hood.

3. Prunella, prunello, a kind of woollen stuff of which clergy-men's gowns were once made, and which is still used for the uppers of ladies' boots and shoes.

6.—HOW MOST READERS JUDGE POETRY.

- But most by numbers¹ judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong
 In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools' admire,
 5 Who haunt Parnassus² but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 10 While expletives³ their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 15 In the next line it " whispers through the trees ;"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with " sleep :"
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 20 A needless Alexandrine⁴ ends the song,
 That like | a wounded snail, | drags its | slow
 length | along.†
- * * * * *
- True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 25 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar

1. Numbers, poetic measure.

2. Conspire, unite.

3. Parnassus, a mountain in Greece, celebrated as sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

4. Expletives, words or syllables inserted only to fill a vacancy

as the word "do" in this line.

5. Alexandrine.—See Introduction, p. xxxiii, 23.

† These are *Representative Verses*. [See Introduction, p. xxxv., 31.]

- 30 When Ajax¹ strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours and the words move slow;
 Not so when swift Camilla² scours the plain,
 Flies o'er | th' unbóndling corn, | and skims |
 along | the main.*
 Hear how Timotheus'³ varied lays surprise,
 35 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove⁴
 Now burns with glory and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 40 Persians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden⁵ now.

Essay on Criticism

7.—HONEST FAME.

- NOR FÁME | I slight | nor for | her fávours cáll;
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
 5 Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame:
 Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays⁶,
 10 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
 Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

Temple of Fame.

1. Ajax, next to Achilles the bravest of all the Greeks in the Trojan war.

2. Camilla, queen of the Volsci, famous for her extreme agility and skill with the bow.

3. Timotheus.—See "Alexander's Feast," page 422.

4. Son of Libyan Jove.—Alexander the Great called himself the son of Jupiter Ammon of Libya.

5. Dryden.—Pope followed Dryden as a model.

6. Bays, laurels.

* Representative verses.

8.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

ESSAY ON MAN.

1. For forms of Government let fools contest;
What's best is best administered with ease:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.¹
2. O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! what's thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh
For which we bear to live or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deignest to grow?
3. Order is Heaven's first law, and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
4. Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
5. What can ennoble sots², or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
6. An honest man's the noblest work of God.³
7. Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

MORAL ESSAYS.

1. 'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
2. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

1. 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

ps, in some nice | 2. Sot, a stupid person; a blood
life, I'm sure, was | head; an habitual drunkard. [F
— Cowley. | sot, a fool.]
3. See Fletcher's "Man is his
own star," page 401.

2. One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.
3. A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian¹ spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.²
4. True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.
5. Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
6. In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
7. Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
8. To err is human, to forgive divine.
9. All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
10. Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
11. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.³

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling⁴ all the way.

1. Pierian, of or belonging to the *Pierides*, a name of the nine Muses. [From *Pieria*, near mount Olympus, where they were first worshipped.]

2. Compare—

"A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds

about to religion."—*Bacon*.

3. Compare.—

"That wrongs make prey where eagles dare not perch,"
Shakespeare.

4. Dimpling, forming dimples, sinking into depressions or little inequalities.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

1. Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
2. The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
3. Years following years steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

EPITAPH INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

THE DUNCIAD.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

How happy is the blameless vestal's¹ lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

EPIGRAM².

You beat your pate³, and fancy wit will come ;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.⁴

ODYSSEY.

1. Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires' disgrace.
2. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

XLV.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

(1690-1762.)

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

1. Vestal, a nun. [Lat. *Vesta*, the virgin goddess of the hearth. Six stainless virgins watched the sacred fire which was her symbol.]

2. Epigram.—See Introduction, p. xxix, 13.

3. Pate, head. [Used generally

in contempt or humour.]

4.—Compare.—

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home."

Flowper.

XLVI.

JAMES THOMSON.

(1700-1748.)

I.—THE JOYS OF VIRTUOUS LOVE.

- BUT háppy théy, | the háppiest óf | their kínd,
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend !
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 5 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning¹ all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 10 Ineffable², and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 15 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well merited, consume his nights and days :
 Let barbarous nations whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 20 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possessed
 Of a more lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 25 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?

1. Attuning bringing into harmony ; making accordant.

2. Ineffable, unspeakable ; in-

capable of being expressed in words. [Lat. *ec*, and *for*, *fari*, to speak.]

- Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 30 Or on the mind, or¹ mind-illumined face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven!
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 35 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous² care.
 40 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 45 O speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency³, content,
 50 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 55 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening⁴ comes at last, serene and mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 60 Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;

1. Or—or, either—or.

2. Assiduous, constant; unremitting. [Lat. *assiduus*, from *ad*,

and *sedeo*, I sit.]

3. Sufficiency, competence.

4. Evening, the sunset of life.

Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

The Seasons.—*Spring.*

2.—MORNING.

- WHEN now | no móro | th' altér|nate Twins¹ | are fired,
And Cancer² reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
5 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dows,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled³ east;
Till far o'er other spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away⁴. With quickened step,
10 Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apaco⁵,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
15 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passengor. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
20 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

1. The twins, the Gemini, a constellation and sign of the zodiac. The alternate twins are fired, the twins are alternately fired. "The Gemini never appear together, but when one rises the other sets, and so on alternately."

2. Cancer, one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, represented by the form of a crab, and limiting the

sun's course northward in summer, hence, the sign of the summer solstice.

3. Dappled, variegated with spots of different colours.

4. White break the clouds away, the clouds that were dark before now break away, becoming more and more gray.

5. Apaco, with a quick pace.

- 25 Falsely luxurious I will not man awake,
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm¹ the wise?
- 30 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing through distempered dreams!
- 35 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?
- But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 40 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
- 45 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished² plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
 streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
 Of all material beings first, and best!
- 50 Efflux³ divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
- 55 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourn⁴

1. Supply "that" before "can charm."

2. Burnished, made resplendent. [Akin to *brown* and *burn*.]

3. Efflux, that which flows out: emanation. [Lat. *ex*, and *fluo*, I flow.]

4. Bourn, a bound; a limit.

- Of utmost Saturn¹, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
 60 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence² of thy blaze.
 Informer³ of the planetary train!
 Without whose quickening⁴ glance their cumbrous
 orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 65 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
 How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit! from the unfettered mind,
 By thee sublimed⁵, down to the daily race⁶,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam!

The Seasons.—*Summer.*

3.—FORENOON.

- HALF in | a blúsh | of clúst'ring róses lóst, -
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By golid founts and careless rills to muse;
 5 While tyrant Heat, disprecaiding through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
 Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flushed bloom resign,
 10 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins.

1. **Utmost Saturn.**—Before the discovery of Uranus and Neptune, Saturn was considered the most distant planet.

2. **Effulgence**, a flood of light; great lustre or brightness. [Lat. *ex*, and *fulgeo*, I shine.]

3. **Informer**, animator. [Lat. *in*, and *forma*, form, shape.]

4. **Quickening**, life-giving; vivifying. [From *quick*, alive.]

5. **Sublimed**, raised high; exalted. [Lat. *sub*, and *levo*, I lift.]

6. **The daily race**, &c., ephemeral insects. ["In the state of larvæ and pupæ they are aquatic and exist for years. When ready for their final change they creep out of the water, generally towards sunset of a fine summer evening, beginning to be seen generally in May. They shed their whole skin shortly after leaving the water, propagate their species, and die, taking no food in the perfect state."]

But one¹, the lofty follower of the Sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 15 Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
 While the full-uddered² mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 20 The food of innocence and health! The daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit ombowored
 25 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene³;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant⁴ greyhound, lies,
 Outstretched and sleepy. In his slumbers one⁵
 ;30 Attacks the nightly thief, and one⁶ exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp,
 They starting snap⁷.

The Seasons.—Summer

4.—THE SPIDER.

BUT chief | to heedless flies | the win|dow proves
 A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,—
 Mixture abhorred! Amid a mangled heap
 5 Of carcasses⁸, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,

1. But one, the sun-flower.
 2. Full-uddered, with the bag distended with milk.
 3. Convene, meet; assemble; congregate. [Lat. *con*, and *venio*, I come.]

4. Vacant, unoccupied.
 5. One, *i. e.*, the house-dog.
 6. One, *i. e.*, the greyhound.
 7. Snap, aim to seize with the teeth. [bodies.
 8. Carcasses, carcases, dead

- 10 With rapid glide, along the leaning line¹;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleased: the fluttering
 wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

The Seasons.—Summer.

5.—ANIMALCULES.

- Resounds | the living | surface of | the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses through the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
 5 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
 Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye!
 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
 10 Of animals, or atoms organized,
 Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid streams, omits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 15 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 20 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
 That dance unnumbered to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent² insects. Where the pool
 25 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
 Each liquid³ too, whether it pierces, soothes,

1. Line, thread; cobweb.

2. Evanescent, vanishing;
 ephemeral. [Lat. *vanus*, empty.]

3. The different liquids referred
 to are—vinegar, milk, spirits, tea,
 and wine.

- Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 30 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen people. These, concealed
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man; for, if the worlds
 35 In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
 From cates¹ ambrosial², and the nectared³ bowl,
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunned with noise.

6.—NOTHING CREATED IN VAIN.

- LET NO [presúming] ímpious ráiller táx⁴
 Creative Wisdom⁵, as if aught was formed
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 5 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportioned dome⁶,
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art,
 A circling fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 10 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole!
 And lives the man whose universal eye
 Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;
 Marked their dependence so, and firm accord,
 15 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink

1. Cates, viands; dainties; [Gr. *nectar*, the drink of the gods.]
 2. Ambrosial, as delicious as ambrosia.
 3. Nectared, as sweet as nectar.
 4. Tax, find fault with; censure.
 5. Creative Wisdom, the wisdom of the Creator.
 6. Dome, a building; a house; a fabric. [Poetical.]

- Of dreary nothing—desolate abyss !
 20 From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

The Seasons.—Summer.

7.—SUMMER INSECTS.

- Thick in | yon stream | of light, | a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting¹ and convolved²,
 The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-winged,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 5 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion³ comes
 10 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

The Seasons.—Summer.

8.—HAY-MAKING.

- Now swarms | the village o'er | the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
 5 Half-naked, swaying on the slight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Ever strong as age's love, and in her hands
 That the long rake⁴, or, as the English lean
 O'er the d, and the kard⁵ express⁶ roll.
 10 Wide flies the todded⁷ grain ; all in a row

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Thwarting, repelling. | 5 Rake, an implement used for |
| 2 Convolved, rolled up. | driving hay, straw, or the like, |
| 3 Oblivion, the state of being | the mowing machine. |
| 4 Todd, to tread down. | 6 Kard expression, the ex- |
| 5 Kard, the English name for the | pression of the kard, the English |
| 6 Kard, the English name for the | name of the kard, the English |
| 7 Todd, to tread down. | name of the kard, the English |

- 55 The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage;
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and awes the world.

The Seasons.—Summer.

10.—NOON-DAY.

- 'Tis raging Noon; | and, vertical¹, | the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
 5 From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected² to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
 10 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither o' on the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
 15 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb³ mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.
 20 All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit⁴ thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Be not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pouring on the head intense. In vain I sigh,
 25 And restless turn, and look around for Night;
 Night is far off, and a hotter hour approach.

1. Vertical, directly overhead.
 [Lat. *vertex*, the zenith; from *verto*,
 I turn.]

2. Dejected, cast down.

3. Dumb, silent.

4. Intermit, cause to cease for
 a time; suspend. [Lat. *inter*, be-
 tween, and *mitto*, I send.]

11.—A WOODLAND RETREAT.

- THIR'CE háppy hé ! | who on | the sún|less síde
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crowned,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 5 And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon !
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his tempered¹ mind serene and pure,
 10 And every passion aptly harmonized,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
 Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the stoop !
 15 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying² spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the horbaged brink,
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort
 glides ;
 20 The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye
 And ear receive their water : the sinews trail ;
 And flesh shoots swift through all the lightened limbs

12. THE SERPENT.

- I SEE the green serpent from | his den | issue,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs³ immense ; then, darting out anew,
 5 Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffused⁴,
 He throws his folds ; and while, with threatening
 tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls

1. Tempered, well-regulated.

2. Sallying, leaping or rushing
out; darting or bursting forth.

[Lat. *salio*, I leap.]

3. Orbs, rings; folds.

4. Diffused, spread out.

- His flaming crest, all other thirst¹, appalled,
 Or shivering flies, or checked at distance stands,
 10 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
 The vital current. Formed to humble man,
 15 This child of vengeful Nature !

The Seasons.—Summer

13.—BEASTS OF PREY.

- THESE, sublined²
 To fearless lust | of blood, | the savage race
 Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt
 And foul misdeed, when the pure Day has shut *
 5 His sacred eye: the tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doomed ;
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
 10 The keen hyena, fellest³ of the fell ;—
 These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania⁴, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
 Innumerable⁵ glare around their shaggy king⁶,
 15 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with impetuous and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly hall, in rural ease,
 20 The shepherd sits, or with his flock
 The evening rages. The awake village starts :

1 All other thirst. i. e. all other animals. 4 Mauritania, a district
 2 Sublined, i. e. underlined. 5 Innumerable, a great number of
 3 Fellest, the most cruel. 6 The king, i. e. the lion, the monarch of
 the beasts. 7 The awake village starts, i. e. the village is alarmed
 and the people are roused. 8 The awake village starts, i. e. the village is alarmed
 and the people are roused.

And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escaped,
25 The wretch¹ half wishes for his bonds again ;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

The Seasons.—*Summer.*

14.—THE MAN CUT OFF FROM SOCIETY.

UNHAPPY hé | whó, from | the fí'rst | of jóys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death! Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
5 And views the main that o'er toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixos with the wave,
Ships, dinn-discovered, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
10 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless;² while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.

The Seasons.—*Summer.*

15.—A STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Butterflies show different *disruptive* patterns. *Disruptive* gives
 Lines of darkness on the sides, giving a 'Z' shape.
 That's a 'Z' shape on the sides, sure enough.
 Well, we think you're wrong. Some birds.

5 We're sleep the ... (a) ... (b) ... (c) ... (d) ... (e) ... (f) ... (g) ... (h) ... (i) ... (j) ... (k) ... (l) ... (m) ... (n) ... (o) ... (p) ... (q) ... (r) ... (s) ... (t) ... (u) ... (v) ... (w) ... (x) ... (y) ... (z) ...

1. The wretched, wretched tive on the wretched, wretched	When the wretched, wretched
2. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	But the wretched, wretched
3. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	And the wretched, wretched
4. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	To the wretched, wretched
5. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	And the wretched, wretched
6. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	The wretched, wretched
7. The wretched, wretched The wretched, wretched	And the wretched, wretched

- Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume¹
 Of fat² bitumen, streaming on the day,
 With various-tinctured trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 10 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till by the touch ethereal roused,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 15 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone³, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
 20 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 25 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 30 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 35 The noise astounds: all overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses⁴ a wide; then it us,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens a
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosened aggravated roar,

1. Spume, froth. [Lat. *spuma*, I split out.]

2. Fat, oily (when melted).

3. Prone, flying downward.

[Contrary to "*supinus*," Lat. *pro-nus*, hanging or leaning forwards.]

4. Discloses, bursts open; gaps.

- 40 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous¹ hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquenched,
45 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rago.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shattered trunk; and stretched below,
50 A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox, half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
55 The venerable tower and spiry fane^a
Resign their aged pride. Tho gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess
Wide-flaming out, their trombling inmates shake.

The Seasons,—Summer

16.—CELADON AND AMELIA.

- GUILT hears | appalled, | with deeply-troubled
thought;
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fatal desecration.—Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
5 With equal virtues formed and equal grace,
Their names alone did set age and sex alone;
Here he might have seen the declining morn,
And his the splendour of the rising day.

- They loved in such a gentle sweet way
10 As if the dawn of time had been made for them;
Oh! how they loved, and how they loved to be
"Faces" hands up heightened by the mutual wish,
The evening of love, and the dawn of the glow,

1. Sonorous, sonorous, sonorous. | 2. Part of the | 3. Info med, and the

- Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 15 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in the awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
 The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,
 20 Or sighed and looked unutterable things.
 So passed their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes strayed,
 25 While, with each other blest, creative Love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved
 Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 30 Fell tearful, wetting her disorderd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In Heaven, repressed her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
 The unequal conflict, and, as angels look
 35 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
 "Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
 And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 40 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft^a
 That wist not midnight, or the undreaded hour
 Of noon, has hurried; and that very voice,
 Which thine ears never through the guilty hear,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thee.
 45 "Thou safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 To see perfection? Fear his veiled embrace
 (Mystic's Heaven! that moment, to the ground,

^a Inward storm the inward strife. ^b Veiled, or veiled. The veiled
 person.

² Shaft, the secret shaft.

A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
50 Pierced by sovere amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fixed in all the death of woe?
So (faint resemblance!) on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

The Seasons.—*Summer.*

17.—A SERENE AFTERNOON.

As' from | the fáce | of héav'n | the shíttered clóuds
 Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
 Sublimér swells, and o'er the world expands
 A purer azure. Through the lightened¹ air
 5 A hígior lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields, and Nature smiles revivéd.
 10 'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Joined to the low of kine, and numerous blót
 Of flocks thíc-k-nibbling² through the clovered³ vale.
 And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,
 Most-fórtunèd, who, wíth voice or críckle
 15 Shóuld beat the echoes of this sáwer world?
 Sing! be, so soon forgetful of the laúd;
 That an belóved friend, and sérenus the sky,
 Férreng shóuld be that speak the truest wícked,
 That sense of wíckedness exísting for his own;
 20 Evér wíth his fíngér at his lés's séns?

The seasons.—Summer.

18.—SWIMMING.

1. Lighter	2. Darker
3. Taller	4. Shorter
5. Older	6. Younger
7. Richer	8. Poorer
9. Happier	10. Sadder
11. Healthier	12. Sicker
13. Stronger	14. Weaker
15. Smarter	16. Dumber
17. More confident	18. Less confident
19. More popular	20. Less popular
21. More successful	22. Less successful
23. More powerful	24. Less powerful
25. More respected	26. Less respected
27. More admired	28. Less admired
29. More loved	30. Less loved
31. More valued	32. Less valued
33. More appreciated	34. Less appreciated
35. More respected	36. Less respected
37. More admired	38. Less admired
39. More loved	40. Less loved
41. More valued	42. Less valued
43. More appreciated	44. Less appreciated
45. More respected	46. Less respected
47. More admired	48. Less admired
49. More loved	50. Less loved
51. More valued	52. Less valued
53. More appreciated	54. Less appreciated
55. More respected	56. Less respected
57. More admired	58. Less admired
59. More loved	60. Less loved
61. More valued	62. Less valued
63. More appreciated	64. Less appreciated
65. More respected	66. Less respected
67. More admired	68. Less admired
69. More loved	70. Less loved
71. More valued	72. Less valued
73. More appreciated	74. Less appreciated
75. More respected	76. Less respected
77. More admired	78. Less admired
79. More loved	80. Less loved
81. More valued	82. Less valued
83. More appreciated	84. Less appreciated
85. More respected	86. Less respected
87. More admired	88. Less admired
89. More loved	90. Less loved
91. More valued	92. Less valued
93. More appreciated	94. Less appreciated
95. More respected	96. Less respected
97. More admired	98. Less admired
99. More loved	100. Less loved

- Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
 Gazing¹ the inverted landscape, half afraid
 5 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon² tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repelled,
 10 With arms and legs according³ well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 While, from his polished sides, a dowy light
 Effuses on the pleased spectators round.
 This is the purest exercise of health,
 15 The kind refresher of the Summer-heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens⁴ the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 'Tis thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse⁵
 20 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force; and the same Roman arm
 That rose victorious o'er the conquered earth
 First learned, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 Even from the body's purity the mind
 24 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

The Seasons, — Summer.

19.—PANEGYRIC^a ON BRITANNIA.

HEAV'NS! what | a goodly prospect spreads |
 around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and | |
 The smiling | |
 Happy Britain! where the Queen of Arts
 Inspires | |

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Gazing, looking at. | 5. Illapse, falling in. |
| 2. Ebon, black; dark. | 6. Panegyric, praise or eulogy. |
| 3. According, as it goes. | |
| 4. Keens, sharpens, makes keen. | |

- Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
10 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatched thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty¹ droves.
15 Boncath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased, and unwearied in his guarded toil.
20 Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
25 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every shroud²,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

The Seasons.—Summer.

20.—THE SONS OF BRITANNIA.

- BOLD, firm, | valiant | | thy glorious youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and danger tried,
Scattering the | | | first
Or on the listless plain or stormy seas.
5 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires proside;
Thy | | | high;
For every | | |

¹ Lusty, strong, healthy. ² Loosening every shroud, i.e. every restraint.
³ See the note on "The Seasons." ⁴ See the note on "The Seasons." ⁵ See the note on "The Seasons."

- 20 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
 Thrilled in her thought, thoy, like the dowy star
 25 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 30 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.¹
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse² amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Aponnino,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 35 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourished, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compelled
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 40 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian³ song
 45 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amused, placed Lavinia by his side;
 50 To wait, while he, his Lavinia drew his eye;

1. Compare the description of the myrtle in the *Georgics*, Book II. line 100. The myrtle is the symbol of modesty and simplicity, and is often used to represent the virtues of the rural life. The Arcadian is a reference to the Arcadian shepherds, who were known for their simple and happy life in the mountains of Arcadia.

2. Recluse, a person who lives in seclusion, away from society.

3. Arcadian, a reference to the Arcadian shepherds, who were known for their simple and happy life in the mountains of Arcadia.

- Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
- 5 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevailed^t, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a glenier in the field:
- 10 And thus in secret to his soul he sighed:
 "What pity, that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
- 5 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
- 10 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which know their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
- 5 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wild! wou'd it the daughter were!"
 When, strict in purring, from his little bed
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
- 10 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering^a transport ran?
 Then blazed his smothered flame^a, avowed^t, and bold;
 And as he viewed her, ardent^b, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and duty, wept and cried.
- The world prevailed, and still the world shall reign.
 The world prevailed, and still the world shall reign.
 The world prevailed, and still the world shall reign.
 The world prevailed, and still the world shall reign.

- 85 Confused, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flushed a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Poured out the pious rapture of his soul :
 " And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?
- 90 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same !
 The softened image of my noble friend ;
 Alive his every feature, every look,
 More elegantly touched ! Sweeter than Spring !
- 95 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourished up my fortune, say, ah ! where,
 In what sequestered desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
- 100 Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
 O, let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant thee safe, where vernal¹ suns and showers
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
- 105 And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country—thus to pick
- 110 The very refuse² of those harvest-fields
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance³ from thy hand,
 But ill applied to such a rugged task ;
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
- 115 If, to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavished, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee ! "

1. Vernal, pertaining to the spring. [Lat. *ver*, the spring.]

2. Refuse, gleanings. Literally, that which is *refused* or rejected as useless.

3. Pittance, trash. [Low Lat. *pictantia*, a monk's allowance of food, from Lat. *pictas*, piety. Hence, a charity gift; a very small allowance.]

- Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Expressed the sacred triumph of his soul,
 120 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent.
 125 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam
 130 Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair,
 Who flourished long in tender bliss, and reared
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

The Seasons.—Autumn.

25.—HYMN ON THE SEASONS.¹

- THINE, as | they change, | ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
 Are but the varied God! The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
 5 Wide flung the fields; the softening air is balmy;
 Behold the meadows green; the trees are verdant;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then come the sultry months of Summer's heats,
 With light and lightning; then Thy sun
 10 shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
 And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 5 And spreads a golden feast for all the poor.
 In Winter awful Thou! when clouds and storms
 (Angry) descend; when the
 2. Flashed glow; the morn'g
 Deep noon; the

- Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime¹, Thou biddest the world adore,
 20 And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
 25 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish² still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand
 30 That, over busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring,
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 35 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
 Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 40 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
 O, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
 45 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
 "The thunder's voice, and say from whom you rage.
 His voice, O brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And ye, O fountains, as I muse along.
 50 Ye foaming torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

1. Sublime, on high. [See page 447, note 6.] 2. Ravish, delight to ecstasy.
 [Lat. rapio, I snatch.]

- Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself ;—
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 55 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your inconceivable, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints,
 Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him ;
 60 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse¹ your mildest booms,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 65 Amid the spangled² sky, the silver lyre³.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round !
 On Nature write with every beam His praise,
 70 The thunder rolls ; be hushed the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 75 And His unsuffering⁴ kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela⁵, charm
 80 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

1. Effuse, shed. [Lat. *ex*, and *undo*, I pour.]

2. Spangled. [From *spangula*, a spot.]

3. The silver lyre. [A lyre of silver.]

4. Unsuffering, not suffering.

ing to cense.

5. Philomela, philomel, the nightingale. [From *Philomela*, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. According to the legend, she was changed into a nightingale, and her sister Procné into a swallow.]

- Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 85 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn¹ pauses, through the swelling bass²;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 90 And find a fane in every sacred grove,
 There let the shephord's flute, the virgin's lay.
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of SEASONS as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 95 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
 Russets³ the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackoning east,
 Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
 100 Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam,
 Flames on the Atlantic isles⁴; 'tis nought to me;
 105 Since God is ever present, ever felt;
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 110 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing; I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all y^e world's and all their sons;
 I⁵ am a part of all that's good and true.

Solemn [i. e. deep, low.]
 1. Russet makes russet or reddish.
 2. Bass (bās), the lowest part in the harmony of a musical composition.
 3. The Atlantic Isles, the West Indian islands.
 4. Educating, extracting.

- 115 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light inoffable!
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise!

The Seasons.

26.—A GOOD KING.

- Yes, we have lost a father!
 The gréat|est bléss|ing Héav'n | bestóws | on
 mórtals,
 And seldom found amidst these wilds of time;
 A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancrod,¹
 5 And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
 How he deserved that best, that glorious title:
 'Tis nought complex², 'tis clear as truth and virtue.
 He loved his people, deemed them all his children,
 The good exalted and depressed the bad.
 10 He spurned the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
 Their smooth advice that only means themselves,
 Their schemes to aggrandize³ him into baseness:
 Nor did he less disdain the secret breath,
 The whispered tale, that blights a virtuous name.
 15 He sought alone the good of those for whom
 He was entrusted with the sovereign power:
 We'll ever grate a people in their rights
 And industry perished long since
 Beneath his sacred shelter of the laws.
 20 Encouraged in their zealous, busy, and laborious,
 At a happy season he himself descends,
 And to the multitude—What am I saying?—
 They will for him my deeds perform!
 And he will see at his own dearest treasure,
 25 And every benighted his talent grand!

¹ Tancrod. (Corymbus) a name of the ancients.

² Complex. composed of many parts. ³ Aggrandize. advance.

⁴ The word "blights" is used in the sense of "damages" or "injures".

27.—THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

- I CARE | not, FORTUNE, what | you ME | deny' :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora¹ shows her brightening² face ;
 5 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave ;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave³.

The Castle of Indolence.

28.—NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

WHO'E'ER amidst the sons
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue
 Displays | distinguished men | it is | a noble
 Of nature's own creating.

Coriolanus.

XLVII.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

(1702—1751.)

Live while you live⁴, the epicure⁵ would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lo! in my views let both united be ;
 Live to me ; to serve when I live to Thee.

1. Aurora the goddess of light. 2. The brightening of the face of the sun. 3. Bereave the privation of. 4. Live while you live. 5. Epicure the name of a philosopher.

2. Brightening. 3. Bereave. 4. Live while you live. 5. Epicure the name of a philosopher.

1. Aurora the goddess of light. 2. The brightening of the face of the sun. 3. Bereave the privation of. 4. Live while you live. 5. Epicure the name of a philosopher.

1. Aurora the goddess of light. 2. The brightening of the face of the sun. 3. Bereave the privation of. 4. Live while you live. 5. Epicure the name of a philosopher.

XLVIII.

HENRY FIELDING.

(1707—1754.)

1. When I am not thanked at all, I am thanked enough.
I have done my duty, and I have done no more.
2. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

XLIX.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

(1707—1788.)

1. If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
And they are fools who roam ;
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.
2. Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its checkered¹ paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread.

L.

LORD LYTTELTON.

(1709—1778.)

What is your soul's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme affection ? 'Tis to be fair.

L.I.

EDWARD MOORE.

(1712—1757.)

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers²,
As if her name were bann'd³ from ours ?

¹ Checkered: checkered, i.e. with alternating joy and sorrow.
² Lowers: lowers, i.e. sinks, as in the face of a storm.
³ Bann'd: banished, i.e. excluded from the circle of friendship.

LII.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

(1714—1763.)

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.¹

LIII.

THOMAS GRAY.

(1716—1771.)

1. To each his sufferings ; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

2. The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.
8. Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to be purchas'd ;
He had not the method of making gold to rust.

4. A favour'd few to grace the hall

1. For the first time, the poet has introduced a new subject, the subject of the Eton College, which he has treated with a new and original manner. The poem is a description of the college, and is a very fine specimen of Gray's style. The poem is a very fine specimen of Gray's style. The poem is a very fine specimen of Gray's style.

2. In porture, which is a new subject.

LIV.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
(1728—1774.)

1. When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?¹
2. The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
3. Measures, not men, have always been my mark.²

LV.
WILLIAM COWPER.
(1731—1800.)

1.—A COMPARISON.

1. THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both swift through nature, with a restless stream.
The silent pass, with silent they steal away,
No voice can tell, no powers persuade to stay;
Alas! how swift both when past,
And how soon a snail is both forgot.
2. Though each resemble each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart;
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!
But you, that stand out of the water vainly,
Neglected, long as a dream, waste a life.

W. P. Prouse.

1. Pope's Essay on Criticism, l. 101.
2. Oliver Goldsmith's Essay on the Critic, l. 101.

Burke.

2.—REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

- Be' it | a weak'ness, it | deserves | some praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
- 5 The wall on which we tried our graving¹ skill,
 The very name we carved subsisting still:
 The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
 Though mangled, hacked and hewed, not yet
 destroyed;
- The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
 10 Playing our games, and on the very spot;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle² down at law³;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded⁴ hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
- 15 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
 Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,
- 20 Whence first we started into life's long race,
 Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway
 We feel | it e'en | in age, | and it | our latest day.

Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools.

3.—WAR AND SLAVERY.

- O' for | a lodge | in some | vast wild'orness,
 Some boundless contiguity⁵ of shade,
 Where rumour of oppressor and duce⁶,
 O'er a successful war,
 5 Might never reach me here! My ear is paid,
 My heart is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage which which earth is filled.
1. Giving, or rather, *Grounded*, *hacked*, *hewed*, *destroyed*.
 2. Kneel down, *knuckle*, *down*.
 3. Taw, a particular word, *Contiguity*, a *long* *and* *play*, *ear*, *paid*.
 4. Taw, a particular word, *Contiguity*, a *long* *and* *play*, *ear*, *paid*.
 5. Taw, a particular word, *Contiguity*, a *long* *and* *play*, *ear*, *paid*.
 6. Taw, a particular word, *Contiguity*, a *long* *and* *play*, *ear*, *paid*.

- There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
 It does not feel for man. The natural bond
 10 Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not coloured like his own; and having power
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
 15 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith¹
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations who had else
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
 20 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Morcy, with a bleeding heart,
 25 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 30 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, and all the wealth
 That shines about and glitters ever earned.
 Nor deem me freer than he, and in my heart's
 Just sense the prize of my oppressor,
 35 whom I hate and loathe as my slave,
 And wear the bonds, much faster, than on him.
 We have no ships at sea, and sail away abroad?
 And I, the freest, am bound under the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate² and loosed.

The Task, Bk. II.—The Time-Piece.

¹ Frith, frith. . . .
² Emancipate

4.—ENGLAND.

- ENGLAND, | with all | thy faults, | I love | thee still—
 My country! and while yet a nook is left,
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
- 5 Bo fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost—
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's¹ groves
- 10 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy sonate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
- 15 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
- 20 How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
 And tender as a girl, all ossenced o'er
 With odours, and as profligate as sweet—
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
- 25 And love when they should fight; when such as these
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?
 Time was, when it was respected best enough
 In every clime, and travel where we might,
 30 That we were born her children. Praise enough
 To fill the orbiter of a private man,
 That Chatham's² language was his mother tongue,

1. Ausonia. — Proper for Italy. 1579-1579 in the second edition
 [Lizant's Geography of the A. S. 1600-1600, Pub. 1600-1600,
 maps, a very ancient map of the world, were two of the greatest statesmen
 into the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, and states of England. The former
 2. Chatham. William Pitt was created 1st Earl of Chatham in 1766.

- And Wolfe's¹ great name compatriot with his own,
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
35 The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen,
Each in his field of glory ; one in arms²,
And one in council³ ;—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame !
40 They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
45 That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such !
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

The Task, Bk. II.—The Time-Piece.

5.—POPULAR APPLAUSE.

- O POPULAR ! Applause ! | what heart | of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;
5 But swallow'd into dust—who then, alas !
With all his convulsions, and his expectations,
And the obnoxious power which withstand thy power ?
Praise from the raptulous lips of a foolish, bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean

1. Wolfe.—James Wolfe (1726-1759) was a British general who won the Battle of the Clouds in 1759. He was killed in the Battle of the Clouds in 1759.
2. One in arms.—Wolfe was killed in the Battle of the Clouds in 1759.
3. One in council.—Chatham was a British statesman and politician who died in 1793.
4. Convulsions.—A series of spasms or seizures.
5. Set.—To put or place.
6. Rivalled.—To compete with or match.

- 10 And craving Poverty, and in the bow
 Respectful of the smutched¹ artificer²,
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
 The bias of the purpose. How much more,
 Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,
 15 In language soft as adoration breathes ?
 Ah, spare your idol ! think him human still ;
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too,
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

The Task, Bk. II.—The Time-Piece.

6.—DISCIPLINE.

- In colleges | and halls, | in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
 Wore precious, and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
 5 Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong
 His eye w
 Played on
 10 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth
 That blushed at its own praise ; and press the youth
 15 Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
 Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant ;
 The mind was well-informed, the passions held
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
 If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
 20 That one among so many overleaped
 The limits of control, his gentle eye
 Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke ;
 His frown was full of terror, and his voice
 Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,

1, Smutched, smudged ; black- | dirty. [Allied to smut.]
 ened with smoke, soot, or coal ; | 2, Artificer, mechanic,

- 25 As left him not, till penitence had won
 Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
 Declined at length into the vale of years;
 A palsy¹ struck his arm; his sparkling eye
 30 Was quenched in rheums² of age; his voice, unstrung,
 Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
 Than reverence, in perverse rebellious youth.
 So colleges and halls neglected much
 Their good old friend, and Discipline at length,
 35 O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.
 Then Study languished, Emulation slept,
 And Virtue fled. The schools became a scone
 Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts³,
 His cap well-lined with logic not his own,
 40 With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
 Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.

The Task, Bk. II.—The Time-Piece.

7.—DOMESTIC LIFE PASSED IN RURAL LEISURE.

- O, FRIENDLY to | the best | pursuits | of man,
 Friendly to | the art | of virtue, and to peace.
 Domestic life in rural seclusion,
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
 5 Though many bear thy favours, and all strive
 To understand and choose thee for their own.
 But foolish men forego thy proper bliss,
 Even as his first progenitor, *Adam*,
 Though placed in Paradise (for earth but ill
 10 Some traces of heavenly bliss displayeth,
 Still so fit happiness for the saintly joy,
 Seem'd fitter for contemplation and repose

1 Palsy, paralysis.
 2 Rheum, humors.
 3 Ignorance in stilts, haughty
 4, First progenitor, i.e., Adam.

- The growing seeds of wisdom ; that suggest,
 By every pleasing image they present,
 15 Reflections such as meliorate¹ the heart,
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind ;
 Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
 Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
 20 We persecute, annihilate the tribes
 That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
 Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares ;
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
 Nor baited hook² deceive the fish's eye ;
 25 Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
 Be quelled in all our summer-months' retreats ;
 How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
 Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
 30 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !
 They love the country, and none else, who seek
 For their own sake its silence and its shade ;—
 Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
 Susceptible of pity, or a mind
 35 Cultured and capable of sober thought,
 For all the savage din of the swift pack³,
 And clamours of the field ? Detested sport,
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain ;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 40 Of harmless Nature, dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence that agonies inspire
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs !
 Vain tears, alas ! and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls.

The Task, Bk. III.—The Garden

1. Meliorate, make better ; improve ; ameliorate. [Lat. *mellior*, better.]

2. Baited hook, a fishing-hook,

baited with insects or some other food for fish. [*Bait* comes from the same stem as *bite*.]

3. Pack, pack of hounds.

8.—THE POSTMAN ON A WINTER EVENING.

- HÁrk! 'tis | the twángling hórn! | o'eryón|der bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
- 5 He comes, the herald¹ of a noisy world, [locks;
 With spattered² boots, strapped waist, and frozen
 News from all nations lumbering³ at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
- 10 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
- 15 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks;
 Births, deaths, and marriages; epistles⁴ wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods⁵ from his fluent quill,
- 20 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But O the important budget⁶! ushered in⁷
 With such heart-shaking music; who can say
- 25 What are its tidings?

The Task, Bk. IV.—The Winter Evening.

1. Herald, messenger. [O. Sax. *here*, an army, and *waltan*, to manage. Originally, an officer, whose business was to proclaim war, to challenge to battle, to proclaim peace, and to bear messages from the commander of an army.]

2. Spattered, bespattered or befoiled with mud.

3. Lumbering, moving or dangling heavily.

4. Epistles (ē-pis'ls), letters. [Lat. *epistola*, a letter, from Gr. *epi*, upon, and *stello*, I send.]

5. Period, a complete sentence from one full stop to another.

6. Budget, a bag with its contents. [O. Fr. *bouge*, Lat. *bulga*, a leather bag.]

7. Ushered in, introduced. [O. Fr. *ussier*, a door-keeper. Lat. *ostium*, a door.]

9.—ADDRESS TO EVENING.

- Cóme, Ev'n'ing, ónce | agáin, | s'éason | of péace ;
 Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long !
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron step slow-moving, while the Night
 5 Treads on thy swooping train ; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 10 Like homely-featured¹ Night, of clustering goms ;
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 15 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

The Task, Bk. II.—The Winter Evening

* 10.—LIBERTY.

- 'Tis Liberty' | alóne | that gíves | the flówer
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 5 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science ; blinds
 The eyesight of Discovery, and begets,
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 10 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire², and though squeezed

1. Homely-featured, plain-featured.

2. Loss of empire.—An allusion to the severance of the

Thirteen United States of America from the British Empire, 1783. *The Task* was published in 1785.

- By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state—
- 15 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth, Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
- 20 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires;
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France¹ receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
- 25 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
- 30 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary² rest beside.
But, once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

The Task, Bl. 17.—The Winter Morning Walk.

11.—THERE IS IN SOULS A SYMPATHY WITH SOUNDS.

There is | in souls | a sy'm|pathy' | with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk, or gravo.
Some chord in unison³ with what we hear

1. Politer France.—Compare—
"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all

the world can please!" &c.

Goldsmith's Traveller.

2. Sublunary, terrestrial; mundane; earthly. [Literally, situated under the moon, Lat. *sub*, and *luna*, the moon.]

3. Unison, harmony. [Lat. *unus*, one, and *sonus*, sound.]

- 5 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence¹ sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 10 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

The Task, Bk. VI.—The Winter Walk at Noon.

12.—KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

- KNOWLEDGE | and Wisdom, far | from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
 5 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The more materials with which Wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed and squared², and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
 10 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

The Task, Bk. VI.—The Winter Walk at Noon.

13.—A LINE DRAWN BETWEEN THE LAWFUL AND THE UNLAWFUL DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN³.

- I WOULD | not enter on | my list | of friends
 ('Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 5 An inadvertent step may crush the snail

1. Cadence, tone ; sound. [Lat. *cadō*, I fall.]

2. Squared, adjusted ; moulded ; shaped.

3. Vermin, any noxious animal, especially reptiles. [*Sing.* and *pl.*: used chiefly as plural. Lat. *vermis*, a worm.]

- That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 10 And charged perhaps with venom¹, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove²,
 The chamber, or refectory³, may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 15 Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
 There they are privileged; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong—
 20 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
 The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 25 Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
 30 'To love it too. The spring-time of our years
 Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
 If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
 35 Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.

The Task, Bk. VI.—The Winter Walk at Noon.

1. Venom, poison. [Lat, *venenum*, poison.]

2. Alcove, a recess in a room to contain a bed or seats; an arched or covered seat in a garden; a garden bower. [Ar, *al*, the, and

quobbah, a tent.]

3. Refectory, a room for refreshment, originally, a dining hall in monasteries or convents. [Lat *refectarium*, from *re*, and *facio*, I make.]

14.—THE RETIRED MAN VINDICATED FROM THE CHARGE OF USELESSNESS.

- Hé is | the háppy mán, | whose lífe | o'on nów
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil stato,
Is pleased with it, and were he free to chooso, [fruit
5 Would make his fate his choico; whom Peace, the
Of Virtue, and whom Virtue, fruit of Faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn¹ while he must
Below the skies, but having thore his home.
10 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as sho,
Though more sublimely, he overlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for sho knows them not;
15 He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, hor joys.
Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,
20 Whose power is such, that whom sho lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaoven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
25 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indced, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
30 His warfare is within. Thore unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs over himself,

1. Sojourn, to dwell or | nent habitation. [Fr. *séjourner*,
live in a place for a time, not | from Lat. *sub*, and *diēs*, a
considering the place as a perma- | day.]

- And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
 The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
- 35 Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
 That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
 Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
 Deems him a cipher¹ in the works of God,
 Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
- 40 Of which she little dreams.

The Task, Bk. VI.—The Winter Walk at Noon.

15.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL.

1. An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

RETIREMENT.

1. Absence of occupation is not rest,
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
2. An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
 As useless if it goes as if it stands.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
 Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

CONVERSATION.

1. A fool must now and then be right by chance.
2. A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
 Will not affront me, and no other can.
3. I cannot talk with civet² in the room,
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume.

1. Cipher, a nonentity; a person of no weight, influence, usefulness, or decided character. [Ar. *sifr*, empty.]

2. Civet, a civet-cat, an animal

having a large gland containing the peculiar odoriferous fatty substance called civet; hence, a fop redolent of perfume. [Fr. *civette*, from Ar. *zabad*.]

4. The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.
5. His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home.²
6. Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

'The man that hails you 'Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back,³
His senso of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
'To pardon, or to bear it.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

THE RETIRED CAT.

For 'tis a truth well known to most,
'That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny⁴ but the right.

THE TASK.

1. Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
2. But war's a game which, were their subjects wiso,
Kings would not play at.

1. Budge, pedantic; austere;
stiff. [From *budge*, lambakin with
the wool dressed outwards, formerly
used as an ornamental border for
scholastic habits.

2. See page 442, note 4.

3. Compare—

"And friend received with
thumps upon the back."—

Young.

4. Cranny, a hole; a secret
retired place.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

(1739—1779.)

HEALTH PROMOTED BY EXERCISE.

- Tóil and | be stróing. | By tóil | the flácid¹ nérves
 Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year: come, let us stray
 5 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
 Come, while the soft voluptuous² breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
 And shod a pleasing languor o'er the soul.
 Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
 10 The vigorous³ ether⁴, in unmanly warmth
 Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus⁵ blasts,
 This way and that, convolve the labouring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent⁶, no season should confine
 15 Or to the cloistered gallery or arcade⁷.
 Go, climb the mountain; from the ethereal source
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
 Beams o'er the hills. Go mount the exulting steed.
 Toil and be strong. Some love the manly foils⁸;
 20 The tennis⁹ some; and some the graceful dance;
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath

1. Flaccid (flak'sid), soft and weak. [Lat. *flaccus*, flabby.]

2. Voluptuous, delightful. [Lat. *voluptas*, pleasure.]

3. Vigorous, strength-giving; health-giving.

4. Ether, pure air.

5. Eurus, the south-east wind.

6. Relent, melt; dissolve.

7. Arcade, a long arched ambulatory or walk. [Lat. *arcus*, an

arch.]

8. Foil, a blunt sword, or a sword with a button at the point, used in fencing.

9. Tennis, the original of the game of lawn-tennis. It was introduced into England in the thirteenth century. [Said to be from Fr. *tenez*, take it, a word which the French use when the ball is struck.]

- Or naked stubble; where from field to field
 The sounding coveys¹ urge their labouring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 25 The gun's unerring thunder; and there are
 Whom² still the meed of the green archer charms.
 But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 30 To haunt the peopled stream, the garden yields
 A soft amusement, a humano delight,
 To raise the insipid nature of the ground,
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 35 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create, and give a godly joy,
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould³.
 40 Thrice happy days! in rural labours passed:
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
 Cheers the old hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous flame,
 45 With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
 Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engaged, and all that strikes humanity;
 Till, lost in fable, they the sterling hour
 50 Of timely rest forgot. Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
 His festal roof; while o'er the light repast
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
 And through the maze of conversation trace
 Whatever amuses or improves the mind.

1. Covey, a brood or hatch of birds, a small flock of fowls.

2. Supply

"some" before

"whom." [The omission of the antecedent is a Latinism.]

3. Mould, soil.

LVII.

MRS. THRALE.

(1740—1822.)

LOVE OF LIFE INCREASES WITH YEARS.

THE tree | of deepest root | is found
Least willing still to quit the ground,
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

LVIII.

HANNAH MORE.

(1745—1833.)

1. To those who know thee not, no words can paint
And those who know thee know all words are faint !
2. In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

LIX.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(1746—1794.)

1. On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sittest while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep !
From the Persian.
2. Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.*

* Compare—

"Six hours in sleep, in law's
grave study six,

Four spend in prayer, the rest
on nature fix."

Quoted by Sir Edward Coke.

LX.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(1749—1806.)

THE MOON.

- QUEEN' of | the silver bow, | by thy | pale beam
 Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
 5 And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest ;
 'The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
 10 Released by death, to thy benignant sphere ;
 And the sad children of despair and woe,
 Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
 O, that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene !

LXI.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.¹

(1752—1831.)

ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

- As one | who destined from | his friends | to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again awhile²
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart ;
 5 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of older art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you ; nor with fainting heart :
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 10 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore ;

¹ Roscoe was a Unitarian. ² Browning's line is, "I shall be
 a Unitarian, I shall be a Unitarian."

When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

LXII.

GEORGE CRABBE.

(1754—1832,)

1.—AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

- To pómþ | and pálgéantry¹ | in nóught | allfod,
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
 His truth unquestioned and his soul serene :
 5 Of no man's prosence Isaac felt afraid,
 At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed :
 Shame know him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
 Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
 10 Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved :
 To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind :
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance where he needed none :
 15 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress ;
 (Bane² of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
 20 'To miss one favour which their neighbours find :)
 Yet far was he from stoic³ pride removed ;
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;

1. Pageantry, show. [A.-S. *peccan*, to deceive.]

2. Bane, any cause of mischief, injury, or destruction. [A.-S.

bana, poison, destruction.]

3. Stoic, manifesting indifference to pleasure or pain. [See page 436, note 3.]

- 25 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
 Spoke pity plainor than the tongue can speak.
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
 Who in their base contempt, the great deride :
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk¹ agreed,
- 30 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we know
 None his superior, and his equals few :
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
- 35 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained ;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
 Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,
- 40 In fact, a noble passion, a misnamed pride.
 I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there ;
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head ;
- 45 No more that awful glance on playful wight,
 Compelled to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 'Till Master Ashford softened to a smile ;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
- 50 Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there ;
 But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

2.—THE SAILOR RETURNING TO HIS FAMILY.

MUCH would | it please | you sometimes to | explore
 The peaceful dwellings of our borough² poor ;
 To view a sailor just returned from sea,
 His wife beside ; a child on either knee,

1. Clerk, a parish officer, being a layman who leads in reading the responses of the Episcopal church service.

2. Borough (bur'o), a town with a properly organized municipal government.

- 5 And others crowding near, that none may lose
 The smallest portion of the welcome news; [high,
 What dangers passed, "when seas ran mountains,
 When tempests raged and horrors veiled the sky;
 When prudence failed, when courage grew dismayed,
 10 When the strong fainted, and the wicked prayed,—
 Then in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
 And gazed upon the billowy mount¹ above;
 Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
 We viewed the horrors of the watery vale."
 15 The trembling children look with steadfast eyes,
 And panting sob involuntary sighs;
 Soft Sleep awhile his torpid touch delays,
 And all is joy, and piety, and praise.

3.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
 And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
2. Books cannot always please, however good;
 Minds are not ever craving for their food.
3. In idle wishes fools supinely² stay;
 Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.³

LXIII.

ROBERT BURNS.

(1759—1796.)

1. Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

1. *Billowy mount*, waves rising | gent.]
mountains high.

2. *Supinely*, indolently. [Lat.
supinus, lying on the back, negli-

3. Proverb—"Where there's a
 will, there's a way."

2. Should auld¹ acquaintance be forgot,
And never brough' to min'² ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne³ ?
3. O wad⁴ some power the giftie⁵ gie⁶ us,
'To see ourself as others see us !
It wad frae⁷ monie⁸ a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
4. If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede⁹ ye tent¹⁰ it;
A chiel's¹¹ amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent¹² it.
5. Man's inhumanity to man
Makos countless thousands mourn.
6. Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han'¹³ she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O !
7. Princes and lords are but the breath of kings.¹⁴

LXIV.

GEORGE COLMAN.*

(1762—1836.)

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

1. Auld, old. [Burns often wrote in the North-English or Lowland Scotch dialect.]

2. Brough' to min', brought to mind.

3. O' auld lang syne, of old long since, i.e., of long ago.

4. Wad, would.

5. Giftie, gift.

6. Gie, give.

7. Frae, from.

8. Monie, many.

9. Rede, advise ; counsel.

10. Tent, observe, heed ; regard.

11. Chiel, chield, a young man ;

a fellow. [A corruption of *childe*. So *childe* meant a noble youth. The word *infanta* is similarly used in Spain and Portugal.]

12. Prent, print.

13. Her 'prentice han,' her apprentice hand, i.e., her novice or unskilled hand.

14. Compare—

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as
a breath has made,"

Goldsmith.

* The Younger.

LXV.

JAMES HURDIS.

(1763—1801.)

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.

LXVI.

GEORGE CANNING.

(1770—1827.)

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, Thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the *Candid Friend*!

LXVII.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

(1763—1855.)

GINEVRA.

- If thou | shouldst év|er cóme | to Mód|ená¹,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio Gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini².
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
5 And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; but before thou go,
Enter the house—prytheo³, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth;—
10 She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!"—her vest of gold

1. Mod'ena, the capital of a province of the same name in Emilia, Northern Italy.

2. Orsini, the name of a noble

Italian family. 'It yielded two popes and several cardinals.'

3. Prythee, prithae, a corruption of *pray thee*, i.e., I pray thee.

- Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot—
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 15 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster¹,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 20 Like some wild melody!—Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom², its companion,
 An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm.
- She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
 25 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life;
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight.
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 30 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
- Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
 35 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there—
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 " 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread
 40 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 45 But that she was not! Weary of his life,

1. Alabaster, a marble-like mineral. It is of various colours, as yellow, red, and gray, but is most esteemed when pure white.

[From *Alabastron*, a village in Egypt, where there were quarries of this mineral.]

2. Heir-loom, family relic.

Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest¹ of something,
 50 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot²,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 55 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
 " Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?"
 'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
 60 It burst—it fell ; and lo, a skelton !
 And here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 65 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 " Ginevra".—There, then, had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 70 Fastened her down—for ever !

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. Then never less alone than when alone.
2. She was as good as she was fair.
 None—none on earth above her !
 As pure in thought as angels are,
 To know her was to love her³.

1. Quest, search. [Lat. *quæro*,
 I seek.]

2. All forgot, everything about
 the matter had been forgotten.

3. Compare—

" To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever."

Burns.

3. The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.¹

LXVIII.

JOHN TOBIN.

(1770—1804.)

1. The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

The Honeymoon.

2. She's adorned
Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
'The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in².

Ibid

LXIX.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(1770—1850.)

1.—THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world | is too | much with | us ; late | and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

- 5 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

1. Compare—

"Virtue is like precious
odours, most fragrant when

they are incensed or
crushed,"—

Bacon.

2. See page 466, note 1.

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus¹ rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton² blow his wreathed horn.

2.—SONNET WRITTEN IN LONDON, 1802.

O FRIEND ! | I know | not which | way I | must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed
 To think that now our life is only dressed
 For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 5 Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest :
 The wealthiest man among us is the best :
 No grandeur now, in Nature or in book,
 Delights us. Rapine³, avarice, expense,
 10 This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
 Plain living and high thinking are no more :
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

3.—LONDON AT SUNRISE.

EARTH has | not anything | to show | more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :

1. *Proteus*, "the prophetic old man of the sea," is described in the earliest legends as a subject of *Poseidon* (*Neptune*), whose flocks (the seals) he tended. At mid-day *Proteus* rose from the sea, and slept in the shade of the rocks, with the monsters of the deep lying around him. Any one wishing to learn futurity from him was obliged to catch hold of him at that time: as soon as he was seized, he assumed every possible shape, in order to escape the necessity of prophesying, but whenever he saw that his endeavours were of no avail, he resumed his usual form, and told

the truth."

2. *Triton*, son of *Poseidon* (*Neptune*). Some writers describe him as riding over the sea on sea-horses or other monsters. "Sometimes mention is made of more than one *Triton*, and they are represented as having the human figure in the upper part of their bodies, and that of a fish in the lower part. The chief characteristic of *Tritons* in poetry as well as in works of art is a trumpet made out of a shell (*concha*), which the *Tritons* blow at the command of *Poseidon*, to soothe the restless waves of the sea."

3. *Rapine*, plunder ; violence

- This City now doth like a garment wear
 5 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did Sun more beautifully steep
 10 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
 Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

4.--JEHOVAH¹ THE PROVIDER.

- Author | of being ! life-sustaining King !
 Lo ! Want's dependent eye from Thee implores
 The Seasons, which provide nutritious stores :
 Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
 5 And Summer-heats all perfecting that bring
 The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
 Selecteth provident ! when Earth adores
 Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
 Without Thy blessing, the submissive steer
 10 Bonds to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain ;
 Without Thy blessing on the varied year,
 Can the swarth² reaper grasp the golden grain ?
 Without Thy blessing, all is black and drear ;
 With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

5.—INFANCY.

1. Our birth | is but | a sleep | and a | forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,

1. Jēhō'vah, a Scripture name | Heb. *hāwāh*, to be,]
 of God. [Supposed to be from | 2. Swarth, swart, swarthy.

But trailing¹ clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :²
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily further from the East
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

2. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate³ Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace⁴ whence he came.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

6.—INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS
 IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
 THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND
 EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom | and Spírit of | the U'nivérse !
 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !
 And givest to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,

1. Trailing, drawing behind.

2. Compare—

1. "The soul uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come."—*Pope*.

2. "Content indeed to sojourn

while he must
 Below the skies, but having
 there his home."

Cowper.

3. Inmate, dweller ; occupant.
 [*In or inn and mate.*]

4. Imperial palace, i.e., heaven.

- 5 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
 The passions that build up our human soul
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
 But with high objects, with enduring¹ things,
 10 With life and nature; purifying thus
 The elements of feeling and of thought,
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,
 Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
 15 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
 With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapours rolling down the valleys made
 A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
 At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
 20 When, by the margin of the trembling lake²,
 Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
 In solitude;—such intercourse³ was mine:
 'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,
 And by the waters all the summer long.

From an unpublished poem.

7. THE STUDY OF NATURE.

- NATURE never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilège,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform
 5 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 10 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall ever prevail against us or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon

1. Enduring, lasting. [Lat. in, and *mans, hard.*]

2. See Introduction, page xix.

3. Intercourse, communion.

- Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 15 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 20 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion¹, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 25 And these my exhortations².

Tintern Abbey.

8.—CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR³.

- Who' is | the háp|py Wár|ríor⁴? Whó | is hó
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 5 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright:
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
 10 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed,—miserable train!—
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
 15 In face of those doth exercise a power⁵
 Which is our human nature's highest dower;

1. Portion, lot in life.

2. Exhortations, admonitions.

[*i.e.*, *ex*, and *hortor*, I encourage.]
 3. "This poem has been called
 'a manual of greatness,' so admir-
 ably does it describe and condense
 the qualities that go to the making
 of a noble character."

4. The happy warrior.—

"While the warrior is to be taken
 in the first instance in a literal
 sense—as applied to a great soldier
 or a great sailor (like Lord Nelson)
 —many of the thoughts of the
 poem are equally applicable to him
 who tries worthily to fight the
 battle of life in any field."

5. A power, *i.e.*, moral courage.

- Controls them and subdues, transmutes, 'bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good¹ receives:
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 20 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
 Is placable²--because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice;
 More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more; more able to endure,
 25 As more exposed to suffering and distress;
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
 --'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state³ where men are tempted still
 30 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He fixes good on good alone, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows:
 35 --Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire;
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 40 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
 Whom they must follow;⁴ on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna,⁵ if they come at all;
 45 Whose powers⁶ shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

1. Supply "influence" after
 "good."

2. Placable, willing to forgive.
 "placō, I appease. Aklu to
 [lenso.]
 "placē, &c., in circum-

whom they (wealth, honours, &c.)
 must come unsought.

5. Like showers of manna, i.e.,
 as manna is said to have fallen
 from heaven to the Israelites when
 starving in the wilderness² of
 Arabia.

6. Powers, personal qualities.

A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 50 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness,¹ like a man inspired ;
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law²
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 55 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias³ leans
 60 To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoever he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
 65 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward⁴ or untoward⁵ lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to⁶ his wish or not,—
 70 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won :
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 75 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth

1. With sudden brightness,
 &c.—These lines refer to the last
 hours of Lord Nelson. [See
 Southey's *Life of Nelson*.]

2. The law, the rule of life.

3. Master-bias, the bias which
 masters him ; his chief bias or

leaning.

4. Toward, favourable, [Liter-
 ally, yielding ; pliable ; apt.]

5. Untoward, unfavourable :
 vexatious ; troublesome.

6. To, i.e., accordant to ; favour-
 able to.

- For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 80 And leave a dead unprofitable name,—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior, this is he
 85 That every man in arms should wish to be.

9.—MANY ARE THE POETS SOWN BY NATURE.

- On! mány áre { the Póets thát { are sówn
 By Naturo! men endowed with highest gifts,
 The vision¹ and the faculty divine;
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
 5 (Which, in the docile² season of their youth,
 It was denied them to acquire, through lack
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
 Or haply by a temper too severe,
 Or a nice³ backwardness afraid of shame)
 10 Nor having ever, as life advanced, been led
 By circumstance to take unto the height⁴
 The measure of themselves, these favoured Beings,
 All but a scattered few, live out their time,
 Husbanding⁵ that which they possess within,
 15 And go to the grave unthought of. Strongest minds
 Are often those of whom the noisy world
 Hears least.⁶

The Excursion, Bl. I. -The Wanderer.*

1. Vision, the faculty of seeing with the eye of the mind or imagination. [Lat. *idea*, I see.]

2. Docile, teachable. [Lat. *doco*, I teach.]

3. Nice, delicate.

4. Unto the height, to the full height or utmost degree in extent.

5. Husbanding, keeping to themselves.

6. Compare —

"The world knows nothing of

its greatest men."

Sir Henry Taylor

* "The *Excursion* and *Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of those which are of first-rate excellence:—*Matthew Arnold*. [For some of these shorter pieces see *The Children's Oshet*, and also *Part I.* of this work.]

10.—THE MINSTREL IN DAYS OF YORE. .

- IN dáys | of yóre | how fór|tunáte|ly fáred
 The Minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,
 Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
 Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
 5 Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's roof
 One evening sumptuously¹ lodged; the next
 Humbly in a religious hospital;
 10 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
 Or haply shrouded² in a hermit's cell.
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
 He walked protected from the sword of war
 By virtue of that sacred instrument,
 15 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side;
 His dear companion wheresoever he went,
 Opening from land to land an easy way
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.

The Excursion, Bk. II.—The Solitary.

11.—THE PEDLAR³.

- WHÁt wón|dor, thén, | if I', | whose fá|v'rite schoól
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
 Looked on this guide with reverential love?
 Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
 5 Our journey, under favourable skies.
 Turn wheresoever we would, he was a light
 Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
 Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
 10 Some way-beguiling tale. * * *
 Nor was he loath to enter ragged huts,
 Huts where his charity was blest; his voice

1. Sumptuously, splendidly. | trader. [Properly, *peddler*, from
 [Lat. *sumptus*, expense.] | *peddle*, to sell by travelling. Some
 2. Shrouded, sheltered. | derive it from Lat. *pes*, *pedis*, the
 3. Pedlar, pedler, a travelling | foot.]

- Heard as the voice of an experienced friend,
 And sometimes—where the poor man held dispute
 15 With his own mind, unable to subdue
 Impatience, through inaptness to perceive
 General distress in his particular lot;
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
 Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
 20 And finding in herself no steady power
 To draw the line of comfort that divides
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
 From the injustice of our brother men—
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;
 25 Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
 The perturbation; listened to the plea;
 Resolved¹ the dubious point; and sentence² gave
 So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
 With softened spirit, even when it condemned.

The Excursion, Bk. II.—The Solitary.

12.—THE DELIGHTS OF A MORNING WALK.

- 'THE wealthy, the | luxurious, by' | the stress
 Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,
 May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
 Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
 5 From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;
 And they, if blest with health and hearts at ease,
 Shall lack not their enjoyment:—but how faint
 Compared with ours | who, pacing side by side,
 Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
 10 That we beheld; and lend the listening sense
 To every grateful³ sound of earth and air,
 Pausing at will—our spirits braced⁴, our thoughts
 Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
 And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

The Excursion, Bk. II.—The Solitary.

1. Resolved, made clear; freed from doubt.

2. Sentence, opinion; decision.

3. Grateful, pleasing; delightful. [Lat. *gratus*, thankful.]

4. Braced, strengthened.

13.—THE SOLITARY'S DOMESTIC FELICITY AND AFFLICTIONS.

- IN privacy' | we dwelt | —a wedded pair,
 Companions daily, often all day long;
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach
 Of various intercourse¹, nor wishing aught
 5 Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,
 The twain² within our happy cottage born,
 Inmates³, and heirs of our united love;
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,
 By the endearing names of nature bound,
 10 And with no wider interval of time
 Between their several births than served for one
 To establish something of a leader's sway;
 Yet left them joined by sympathy in age;
 Equals in pleasure, follows in pursuit.
 18 On these two pillars rested as in air
 Our solitude.

* * * * *

- Seven years of occupation undisturbed
 Established seemingly a right to hold
 That happiness. * * *
 20 * * * But, at once,
 From some dark seat of fatal power was urged
 A claim, that shattered all.—Our blooming girl,
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time
 To struggle in as scarcely would allow
 25 Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed
 From us to regions inaccessible,
 Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
 Of living man, though longing to pursue.
 With even as brief a warning—and how soon,
 30 With what short interval of time between,
 I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
 Our happy life's only remaining stay—

1. Various intercourse, intercourse with various people.

2. The twain, the two children.

3. See page 507, note 3.

The brother, followed—and was seen no more!

- Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless¹ winds
 35 Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
 The Mother now remained; as if in her,
 Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
 Had been awhile unsettled and disturbed,
 This second visitation² had no power
 40 To shake—but only to bind up and seal;
 And to establish thankfulness of heart
 In Heaven's determinations, over just.
 The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
 Mine was unable to attain. Immo
 45 The space that severed us! But, as the sight
 Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
 Incalculably distant; so, I felt
 That consolation may descend from far,
 (And that is intercourse and union too,)
 50 While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
 And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
 On her—at once superior to my woes
 And partner of my loss.—O heavy change!
 Dimness over this clear luminary crept
 55 Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
 Yielded to mortal reflux³; her pure glory,
 As from the pinnacle⁴ of worldly state
 Wretched ambition drops astounded, fell
 Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
 60 And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
 Yet obstinately cherishing itself;
 And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;
 And left me on this earth, disconsolate!

The Recursion, Bk. III.—Despondency.

1. Ruthless, pitiless. [*Ruth*, a flowing back, as the flux and morey, pity; from *rue*, to have reflex of the tides. [Lat *re*, and compassion.] *fluxus*, from *fluo*, I flow.]

2. Visitation, affliction.

4. Pinnacle, summit. [Fr.]

3. Reflux, reaction. [Literally, *pinacle*, from Lat. *pinna*, a feather.]

14.—CONSOLATION FOR THE CALAMITIES OF LIFE.

- ONE adequate support
 For the | calam|ities | of mor|tal life
 Exists—one only; an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, however
 5 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.
 —The darts of anguish *find* not where the seat
 10 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will supreme
 For time and for eternity; by faith,
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defence that lies in boundless love
 15 Of His perfections; with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
 Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
 To the dishonour of His holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world!
 20 Sustain Thou only canst, the sick of heart;
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!*

The Excursion, Bk. IV.—Despondency Corrected.

15.—CONSOLATIONS AMIDST EARTHLY CHANGE.

- AND what | are things | etér|nal?—Pów'rs | depárt,
 Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
 5 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane†,

* "The attached Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, but however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth,

the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong."—*Matthew Arnold*.

† Wane, decline. [A.-S. *wan*.]

- Duty exists ;—immutably¹ survive,
 For our support, the measures and the forms,
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies ;
 Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.
- 10 Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
 Do, with united urgency, require,
 What more that may not perish ? 'Thou, dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all
 That in the scale of being fill their place ;
- 15 Above our human region, or below,
 Set and sustained ;—'Thou, who didst wrap the cloud²
 Of infancy around us, that 'Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed ;
- 20 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void³, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restorest us daily to the powers of sense
 And reason's steadfast rule—'Thou, 'Thou alone
- 25 Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits
 Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves.*

The Excursion, Bk. IV.—Despondency Corrected.

16.—KNOWLEDGE THE SOURCE OF TRANQUILLITY.

HAPPY | is hō | who līves | to ūnderstānd
 Not human nature only, but explores

1. Immutably, unchangeably :
 unalterably, [Lat *im*, not, and
mutō, I change.]

2. See the ode on "Infancy,"
 page 506.

3. Void, emptiness.

* With reference to this passage
 Matthew Arnold says :—"The
Excursion abounds with philosophy,
 and therefore the *Excursion* is to
 the Wordsworthian what it never
 can be to the disinterested lover of
 poetry,—a satisfactory work. 'Duty

exists,' says Wordsworth, and then
 he proceeds thus :—"Immutably
 survive,' &c. And the Words-
 worthian is delighted, and thinks
 that here is a sweet union of
 philosophy and poetry. But the
 disinterested lover of poetry will
 feel that the lines carry us really
 not a step farther than the propo-
 sition which they would interpret ;
 and that they are a tissue of
 elevated but abstract verbiage,
 alien to the very nature of poetry."

- All natures,—to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each; and where begins
 5 'The union, the partition where, that makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible beings;
 'The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
 Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
 And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
 10 To every class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.
 Such converse¹, if directed by a meek,
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
 15 For knowledge is delight; and such delight
 Breeds love; yet, suited as it rather is
 'To thought and to the climbing intellect,
 It teaches less to love, than to adore;
 If that be not indeed the highest love!

The Excursion, Bk. II.—Despondency Corrected.

17.—RURAL LIFE AND SOLITUDE PARTICULARLY FAVOURABLE TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE INFERIOR CREATURES.

- 'The dignity' | of life | is not | impaired²
 By aught that innocently satisfies
 'The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
 Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
 5 Of speculation not unfit, descends;
 And such benign³ affections cultivates
 Among the inferior kinds; not merely those
 That he may call his own, and which depend,
 As individual objects of regard,
 10 Upon his care, from whom he also looks
 For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
 But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,

1. Converse, intercourse.
 2. Impaired, weakened; enfeebled. [Literally, made worse, from Lat. *pejor*, worse.]

3. Benign, kind, benignant. [Lat. *benignus*, for *benignus*, kind-hearted, from *bonus*, good, and *genus*, a race.]

- Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
 Nor is it a mean phase¹ of rural life
 15 And solitude, that they do favour most,
 Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
 These pure sensations ; that can penetrate
 The obstreperous² city ; on the barren seas
 Are not unfelt ; and much might recommond,
 20 How much they might inspire and ondear,
 The loneliness of this sublime retreat !

The Wanderer, Bk. IV.—Despondency Corrected.

18.—THE POWER OF THE SOUL TO REGENERATE HERSELF.

- WITHIN | the soul | a faculty' | abides,
 That with interpositions³, which would hide
 And darken, so can deal, that they become
 Contingencies⁴ of pomp ; and serve to exalt
 5 Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
 In the deep stillness of a summer even
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides
 10 Their leafy umbrage⁵, turns the dusky veil
 Into a substance glorious as her own,
 Yea, with her own incorporated⁶, by power
 Capacious and serene ;—like power abides
 In man's celestial spirit ; Virtue thus
 15 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
 From the encumbrances⁷ of mortal life,
 From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt ;

1. Another reading is "praise."
 2. Obstreperous, noisy. [Lat. *obstrepo*, I roar, from *ob*, and *strepo*, I make a noise.]

3. Interpositions, obstructions.
 [Literally, things interposed.]

4. Contingencies, chances.
 [Lat. *con*, and *tango*, I touch.]

5. Umbrage, shade ; screen of foliage. [Lat. *umbra*, a shade.]

6. Incorporated, united in one body. [Lat. *in*, into, and *corpus*, a body.]

7. Encumbrances, troubles ; burdens ; impediments. [*In* and *cumber*, from Lat. *cumulus*, a heap.]

- And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
20 From palpable oppressions of despair,
The Excursion, Bk. IV.—Despondency Corrected

19.—EDUCATION OF THE POOR, THE DUTY
OF THE STATE.

- O FOR | the coming of | that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
5 An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
Binding herself by statute to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
10 The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained ; or run
Into a wild disorder ; or be forced
15 To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools ;
A savage hordc among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free !
This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
20 To be inherent¹ in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence ;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
25 And lifts his wilful² hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
30 This universal plea in vain address'd,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves

1. Inherent, in-born.

| 2. Wilful, perverse.

- Did, in the time of their necessity,
 Urge it in vain ; and, therefore, like a prayer
 That from the humblest floor ascends to Heaven,
 35 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;
 Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
 The unquestionable good—which England, safe
 40 From interference of external force,
 May grant at leisure ; without risk incurred,
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
 Others shall ever be able to undo.

* * * * *

- The discipline of slavery is unknown
 45 Amongst us,—hence the more do we require
 The discipline of virtue ; order else
 Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
 Thus, duties rising out of good possessed,
 And prudent caution needful to avert
 50 Impending evil, do alike require
 That permanent provision should be made
 For the whole people to be taught and trained.
 So shall licentiousness and black resolve
 Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
 55 Their place ; and genuine piety descend,
 Like an inheritance, from age to age.*

The Excursion, Bk. IX.—Discourse of the Wanderer.

20.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
 And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
2. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
 The motion of a muscle—this way or that.

* "The 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this.
 * * * One can hear these lines being quoted at a Social Science Congress. * * * But let us be

on our guard against the exhibitors and extollers of a 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it."—*Matthew Arnold.*

3. And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
4. As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dojection do we sink as low.
5. But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all ?
6. That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
7. Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected.
8. A primrose¹ by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.
9. The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart ; he never felt
The witchery² of the soft blue sky !
10. Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.³
11. I have heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of men
Hath oftner left me mourning.

1. **Primrose**, an early flowering plant, bearing white, yellow, or reddish purple flowers. [Lat. *primula veris*, the first flower of spring, from *primus*, first. Ogilvie thinks the last syllable of *primus* was changed to *rosa* to give the word an English appearance and

a sort of meaning, but Webster derives the word from *prima*, first, and *rosa*, a rose.]

2. **Witchery**, charm ; fascination ; entrancing influence.

3. Proverb—

Alight is the only right.

12. O, Sir, the good die first,¹
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.
13. Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

LXX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

(1771—1832.)

1.—THE LAST MINSTREL.

- THE way | was long, | the wind | was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day;
5 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For welladay²! their date was fled,
10 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing³ palfrey⁴ borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
15 No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

1. Compare--

1. "Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur."—

Plautus.

2. "'Whom the gods love
die young,' was said of
yore."

Byron.

3. Welladay, alas! lackaday!
["*Wala* or *walawa*—an exclamation frequent in Chaucer was modified into the feeble form of *well-away*, and *welladay* is a degenerate

variety of this form."]

3. Prancing, stepping in a gallant, showy manner; bounding; springing. [*Prance* is a slightly different form of *prank*.]

4. Palfrey, an ordinary riding horse; a horse used for state, distinguished from a war-horse; a small horse fit for ladies. [Lat. *paraveredus*, an extra post-horse, from Gr. *para*, beside, and Lat. *veredus*, a post-horse, from *vaho*, I carry, and *rheda*, a cartilage.]

- He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpromeditated¹ lay :
 Old times were changed, old manners gone :
 20 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time²
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 25 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a King had loved to hear.

Introduction to The Lay of the Last Minstrel

2.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

- BREATHES there | the mán, | with sóul | so déad,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath never within him burned,
 5 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!—
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 10 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite³ those titles, power, and pelf⁴,
 The wretch, concentréd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 15 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
 O Caledonia⁵ ! stern and wild,
 Meet⁶ nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 20 Land of the mountain and the flood,

1. Unpremeditated, not previously meditated or prepared in the mind; made *extempore* or *impromptu*.

2. The bigots of the iron time, the Puritans.

3. Despite, in spite of.

4. Pelf, riches.

5. Caledonia, the ancient Latin name of Scotland.

6. Meet, fit; proper.

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can over untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI.

3.—NELSON¹.

- Dear-graved ! in ev'ry British heart,
O never let his name depart !
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave²;
5 To him, as to the burning levin³,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Wherever his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt⁴ on yonder shore,
10 Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more,
Marmion, Introduction to Canto I.

4.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

1. Never
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear :
A simple rascal they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
2. Call it not vain ;—they do not err
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies⁵.

MARMION.

1. O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive !

1. Nelson, Horatio, Viscount Nelson of the Nile (1758-1805).

2. Gadite wave, the bay of Cadiz. [From *Gades*, the ancient Roman name of Cadiz in Spain. Capo Trafalgar, off which Nelson's last battle was fought, is about 30 miles south of Cadiz.]

3. Levin, lightning. [O. E.

levens, from A.-S. *līgen*, flaming.]

4. The bolt.—An allusion to the title of Duke of Bronte, given to Nelson by the king of Naples. *Bronte* in Greek means thunder.

5. Obsequies, funeral rites. [Lat. *obsequie*, a form of *exequia*, obsequies, from *ob*, and *sequor*, I follow.]

2. O woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen¹ made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

1. Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven.
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross² refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid³ and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !
2. Who over the hord would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, ficklo, fierce, and vain !—
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 And ficklo as a changeful dream ;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's⁴ fevored blood.
 Thou many-headed monster thing,
 O, who would wish to be thy king !

ROKEBY.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
 Whon next the summer breeze comes by,
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

• 1. Light quivering aspen.—
 "The aspen is a species of the
 poplar (*Populus tremula*, tremulous
 poplar) that has become proverbial
 for the trembling of its leaves,
 which move with the slightest
 impulse of the air." [Called also
asp.]

2. Dross, impurities.

3. Limpid, clear ; pure. [Lat.
limpidus, allied to Gr. *lampō*, I
 shine.]

4. Frenzy, madness. [Gr.
phrenōsis, *phrenitis*, mental de-
 rangement, from *phrēn*, the mind.]

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

O, many a shaft¹, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant !
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken !

LXXI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(1772—1834.)

1.—SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

Alás ! | they hād | been friends | in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
5 And to be wroth² with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine³,
With Roland and Sir Leolino,
Each spake words of high disdain
10 And insult to his heart's best brother !
They parted—never to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
15 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween⁴,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Christabel, Part I., Conclusion.

1. Shaft, an arrow ; a missile weapon. [A.-S. *sceaft*, a dart, a spear.]

2. Wroth, very angry ; much exasperated. [Literally, twisted,

from A.-S. *wriðan*, to twist or writhen.]

3. Divine, guess ; conjecture.

4. Ween, think ; imagine ; fancy. [A.-S. *wēnan*, to ween.]

2.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn ;
A saddor and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.
 2. To know, to ostoem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart !
 3. Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? three treasures,—love, and
light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
 4. I counted two-and-sevonty stonches,
All well doined, and several stinks.
* * * * *
- The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne¹ ;
But tell me, nymphs² ! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

LXXII.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(1774—1843.)

1.—ALL MEN ARE BRETHREN.

CHILDREN we are all

Of óne | Great Fáthor, in | 'whatév|er clíme

His providence hath cast the seed of life,

• All tongues, all colours : neither after death

1. Cologne (Ko-lone), a well-known city of Prussia, situated on the left bank of the Rhine.

2. Nymphs, ladies. [Lat. *nympha*, Gr. *nymphē*, a nymph. The *nymphs* were "a class of infe-

rior divinities, imagined as beautiful maidens, not immortal, but always young, who were considered as tutelary spirits, not only of certain localities but also of certain races and families.]

- 5 Shall we be sorted into languages
 And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and
 Goth¹,
 Northmen and offspring of hot Africa ;
 The all-seeing Father,—He in whom we live and
 move,
 He, the impartial Judge of all, regards
 10 Nations, and hues, and dialects alike.
 According to their works shall they be judged,
 When even-handed justice in the scale
 Their good and evil weighs.

2.—DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

- 'Tis pleasant by' | the cheer[ful] hearth | to hear
 Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous² tale again,
 5 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,—
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not,—to look around, and only see
 10 The mountain-wave incumbent³, with its weight
 Of bursting waters, over the reeling⁴ bark⁵,—
 Ah, me ! this is indeed a dreadful thing ;
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 15 Howl round his home but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

1. Goth, one of an ancient Teutonic race of people, first heard of us inhabiting the shores of the Baltic. They took an important part in subverting the Roman empire. The name *Goth* is also applied to a rude ignorant person, or to one defective in taste.

2. Perilous, recounting perils. [Lat. *periculum*, danger.]

3. Incumbent, imminent ; impending ; threatening. [Literally, lying or resting upon, from Lat. *in*, on, and *cumbere*, I lie down.]

4. Reeling, swaying to and fro ; staggering. [O. E. *reile*, *role*, to roll.]

5. Dark, barque, ship ; vessel. [Fr. *barque*.]

3.—EDUCATION.

1. O LÁ|DY, if | some nów-|born bábo | should bléss,
 In answer to a nation's prayers, thy love,
 Whon thou, beholding it in tenderness,
 The deepest, holiest joy of earth shalt prove,—
 In that the likeness of all infants see,
 And cáll | to mind | that hóur | what nów | thou
 héar'st | from mé.
2. 'Then seeing infant man, that lord of Earth,
 Most weak and helpless of all breathing things,
 Remomber that as Nature makes at birth
 No different law for peasants or for kings,
 And at the end¹ no difference may befall,
 Tho "short parenthesis² of life" is all.
3. But in that spaco, how wide may be their doom
 Of honour or dishonour, good or ill?
 From Nature's hand like plastic³ clay they come,
 'To take from circumstance their woe or weal;
 And as the form and pressuro may be given,
 They wither upon earth, or ripen there for heaven.
4. Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
 For lack of culture in this favoured land?—
 That spirits of capacity divine
 Perish, like seeds upon the desert sand?—
 That needful knowledgo in this age of light
 Should not by birth be every Briton's right? ✓

LXXIII.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(1771—1854.)

1.—HUMILITY.

- 'Twa bírd | that sóars | on high|est wíng¹
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;

1. At the end, at death.
 2. Parenthesis, interval. [Gr.
para, beside, and *entlithēmi*, to
 insert.]

3. Plastic, capable of being

modelled or moulded into various
 forms; hence, capable of receiving
 a new bent or direction. [Gr.
plastikos, from *plassō*, I form.]

4. The lark.

And she that doth most sweetly sing,¹
 Sings in the shade when all things rest :
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

2.—TWILIGHT.

- I LOVE | thee, Twi|light! ás | thy shád|ows róll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
 5 I love thee, 'Twilight! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When over the harp of thought thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
 10 And hope and memory sweep² the chords by turns;
 While contemplation, on seraphic wings,
 Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
 Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,
 Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace,
 15 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
 Clearer within, the dawn of glory shines,
 Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
 A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
 Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,—
 20 An awful vision opens on my soul.

3.—HOME.

THERE is | a lánd, | of év'ry lánd | the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven over all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense³ screener light,
 And milder moons emparadise⁴ the night;

1. The nightingale.
 2. Sweep, strike; brush or traverse quickly with the fingers.
 3. Dispense, deal out; distribute. [Lat. *dis*, and *pendo*, I weigh.]

4. Emparadise, imparadise, make supremely lovely; make supremely happy. [Lat. *em* or *in* for *in*, and *paradisus*, from Gr. *paradeisos*, a garden; Zend *pairidacza*, inclosed.]

- 5 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 10 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole!
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 15 There is a spot of earth, supremely blest—
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 20 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie!
 25 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 O! thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,
 30 That land thy Country, and that spot thy Home!

4.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare¹
 Will paradise² be found!
 2. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

1. Compare, comparison. [Poetical.] | 2. See page 532, note 4.

LXXIV.

CHARLES LAMB.

(1775—1834.)

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LXXV.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(1777—1844.)

THE FALL OF POLAND.

1. WAR'SAW's | lást chám|pion,¹ fróm | her heíghts, |
survéyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid :
"O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country
save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though Destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men ! our COUNTRY yet remains !
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die !"
2. He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed :
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm !

1. Warsaw's last champion, General Tadeusz Kosciuszko (Kos-ke-us'-ko), the Polish patriot (1756-1817). "In 1793, Russia and Prussia took advantage of the disturbed state of Europe to effect a further partition of Poland. The Poles rose in arms under Kosciuszko to recover their Independence. After several successes they were defeated, and Kosciuszko was taken prisoner. Warsaw was taken by storm shortly afterwards, and the

Poles were completely subdued. The patriot was conducted to St. Petersburg, but was subsequently released by the Emperor Paul. When his sword was offered to him he declined it, saying, 'I have no more need of a sword, as I have no longer a country.' He afterwards lived abroad, chiefly in France and Switzerland. He was accidentally killed in Switzerland by his horse falling over a precipice."

Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 REVENGE or DEATH,—the watch-word and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin¹ tolled their last alarm!

3. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunders flew:—
 Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia² fell—unwept—without a crime!
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
 spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked³—as Kosciuszko fell!

The Pleasures of Hope.

LXXVI.

THOMAS MOORE.

(1779—1852.)

1. O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I have seen my fondest hopes decay;
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle⁴,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die.
2. Go where glory waits thee;
 But, while fame elates thee,
 O! still remember me.

1. *Tocsin*, alarm-bell. [Fr. *tocsin*, from *toque*, a stroke, and *sin*, seen, a bell.]

2. *Sarmatia*, Poland. [Poetical.] The *Sarmatæ* were a great Slavic people of ancient times, dwelling from the Vistula to the Don.

3. Freedom shrieked.—Kos-

ciuszko, when taken prisoner, is said to have exclaimed—" *Finis Polonia!* "

4. *Gazelle*, a kind of antelope having very brilliant, beautiful eyes. [Ar. *ghazal*, a young deer just able to walk, a fawn.]

3. The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is over,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
4. No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god,¹ when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
5. Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been
distilled:
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
6. Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

LXXVII.

REGINALD HEBER.

(1783—1826.)

I.—AN EVENING IN BENGAL.

OUR tásk | is dóne!—|On Gún|ga's bréast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored² beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.

1. Her god, the sun.

2. Moored, anchored.

- 5 With furlèd sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny¹ frigate ride:
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While, all apart, beneath the wood,
10 The Hindu cooks his simpler food.
Come, walk with me the jungle through
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The Tiger holds his solitude;
15 Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare² the village green.
Come boldly on; no venomèd³ Snake
20 Can shelter in so cool a brake,—
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Midst nature's embers, parched and dry,<⁴
Where, over some tower in ruin laid,
The Peepul spreads its haunted shade;
25 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder⁵ in the gate of Death.
Come on; yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the Bamboo's archèd bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
30 Glows the Geranium's⁶ scarlet bloom;
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;—
The Ceiba's⁷ crimson pomp displayed
Over the broad Plantain's humbler shade,
35 And dusk Anana's⁸ prickly blade;

1. Tiny, small. [From *thin*.]
2. Scare, frighten.
3. Venomèd, poisonous. [Lat. *venenum*, poison.]
4. Nature's embers, parched and dry, hot places.
5. Warder, guard; keeper.

6. Geranium, a plant bearing handsome flowers, usually red, pink, or blue. [Gr. *geranos*, a crane; hence, the crane's bill genus of plants.]

7. Ceiba, a tree with crimson flowers like the cotton-tree.

8. Anana, a pine-apple.

- While over the brake, so wild and fair,
 The Betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendent¹ train and rushing wings
 Aloft the gorgeous Peacock springs ;
 40 And he, the Bird of hundred dyes,²
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English fairies never trod !
 And who in Indian bowers has stood,
 45 But thought on England's ' good greenwood ' ;
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her Hazel and her Hawthorn glade ;
 And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain !)
 To gaze upon her Oaks again ?
 50 A truce³ to thought !—the Jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry⁴ ;
 And through the trees, yon failing ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 55 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The Fire-fly lights her lamp⁵ of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;
 60 While to the cooler air confest,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast
 Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,
 65 Along the breezy alleys⁶ come
 The village song, the horn, the drum :
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar
 The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre.

1. Pendent, hanging ; projecting. [Lat. *pendeo*, I hang.]

2. The Bird of hundred dyes, the Mucharanga.

3. Truce, temporary cessation.

4. Sylvan revelry, rural mirth.

5. Lamp of love, light shown by the female to the male.

6. Alleys, walks. [Fr. *aller*, to go.] Another reading is "valleys."

- And what is she whose liquid strain
 70 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !
 It is—it must be—Philomel¹ !
 Enough, enough ! the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 75 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep to find
 80 Betimes² the morning's healthy wind.
 But O ! with thankful hearts confess
 Even here³ there may be happiness ;
 And HE, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His Peace on Earth—His Hope of Heaven !

2.—LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, WHILE
 ON A VISIT TO UPPER INDIA.

1. If thou | wert by' | my side, | my love ! | how fast |
 would év'n|ing fáil
 In green Bengala's palmy grove, listening the night-
 ingale !
 If thou, my love ! wert by my side, my babies at my
 knee,
 How gaily would our pinnace* glide over Gunga's
 mimic sea !
 2. I miss thee at the dawning gray, when, on our deck
 reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay, and woo the cooler
 wind.

1. See page 471, note 5.

2. Betimes, in good time.

3. Here, in India. The author
 was Bishop of Calcutta. He died

at Trichinopoly, 1826.

4. Pinnace, a small vessel propelled by oars and sails. [Fr. *pinasse*, from Lat. *pinus*, a pine tree.]

- I miss thee when by Gunga's stream my twilight
 steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam, I miss thee
 from my side.
3. I spread my books, my pencil¹ try, the lingering
 noon to cheer, [ear.
 But miss thy kind approving eye, thy meek attentive
 But when of morn and eve the star beholds me on
 my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far, thy prayers as-
 cend for me.
4. Then on! Then on! where Duty leads, my course be
 onward still,
 On broad Hindustan's sultry meads, over black Al-
 morah's² hill.
 That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates, nor mild
 Malwah detain, [main.
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits, by yonder western
 Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say, across
 the dark blue sea!
 But never were hearts so light and gay, as then shall
 meet in thee!

LXXVIII.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

(1784—1859.)

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABÓU | Ben Á/dhem (máý | his tribe | incréase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

1. Pencil, a small delicate brush
 used in painting. [Lat. *penicellus*,
 a brush. *Penna*, a feather.]

2. Almorah, the chief town in
 the British district of Kumaon.

It is built on a ridge of the Hima-
 layas. "The neighbourhood of the
 town was the scene of the British
 victory, which ended the war with
 Nepaul in 1815."

- 5 An angel, writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The Vision¹ raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 10 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly² still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 15 The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LXXIX.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

(1785—1806.)

1.—LOWLINESS OF MIND.

- OH! I would walk
 A wéa|ry jóur|ney, tó | the fár|thest vérgé
 Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
 Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
 5 Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
 Is as a child in meek simplicity!
 What is the pomp of learning—the parade³
 Of letters and of tongues? even as the mists
 10 Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
 That pass away and perish.—Earthly things
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

1. Vision, apparition. [Lat. *visio*, I see.] | ly. [Poetical.]
 2. Cheerly, cheerily; cheerful- | 3. Parade, display. [Lat. *paros*, I prepare.]

2.—TO MY MOTHER.

- AND cānst | thou, móth|er, fór | a mó|ment think,
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching¹ honours on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
 5 Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.
 Banish the thought !—wherever our steps may roam,
 10 Over smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage²,
 And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age.

3.—THE DAME SCHOOLMISTRESS.

- IN yón|der cót, [alóng | whose móul|dering wálls,
 In many a fold, the mantling woodbine falls,
 The village matron kept her little school—
 Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;
 5 Staid³ was the dame, and modest was her mien ;
 Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean :
 Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
 Beneath her chin was pinned, with decent care ;
 And pendent⁴ ruffles⁵ of the whitest lawn,
 10 Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
 Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
 A pair of spectacles their want supplies ;
 These does she guard, secure in leathern case,
 From thoughtless wights⁶ in some unweeted⁷ place.

1. Blanching, whitening. [Fr. *blanc*, white.]

2. Assuage (as-swāj'), allay ; mitigate ; lessen. [Lat. *ad*, and *suaavis*, sweet.]

3. Staid, sober ; grave ; steady ; date. [From *stay*, to stop.]

4. Pendent, hanging. [Lat.

pendeo, I hang.]

5. Ruffles, strips of plaited cloth attached to some border of a garment ; frills.

6. Wights, persons. [Poetical or humorous.]

7. Unweeted, unknown to others ; secret.

- 15 Here first I entered, though with toil and pain,
 The lowly vestibule¹ of Learning's fane²,
 Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,
 Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
 Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
 20 When I was first to school reluctant borne;
 Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
 To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed;
 And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
 To my lone corner, broken-hearted, crept, [képt.
 25 And thought | of téu|der hóme, | where án|ger név|er
 But soon, inured³ to alphabetic toils,—
 Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
 First at the form⁴, my task for ever true,
 A little favourite rapidly I grew:
 30 And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
 Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;—
 And as she gave my diligence its praise,
 Talked of the honours of my future days.

LXXX.

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON.*

(1786—1860.)

THE YAKSHA'S WIFE.

- THERE in | the fáne, | a béau|teous créa|ture stánds;
 The first best work of the Creator's hands;
 Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like *Bimbas*⁶ show,
 And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.
 5 Lone, as the widowed, *Chakraváki* mourns,
 Her faithful memory to her husband turns;

1. Vestibule, lobby. [Lat. *vesibulum*, an entrance-hall.

2. Fane, temple. [Lat. *fanum*, a temple.]

3. Inured, accustomed. [Lat. *in*, and *opera*, work.]

4. Form, a bench; a class or rank of students in a school.

5. Yaksha, a follower of the god

Kuvera. Having been banished from his country for a twelve-month, he sends a cloud as a messenger to his wife *Chakraváki*, whom he describes as above.

6. *Bimba*, a red fruit or vegetable, having a prettily curved shape.

* An eminent Sanskritist.

- And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife,
 Half of my soul, and partner of my life ;
 Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold
 10 Their shrinking petals, from the withering cold.
 I view her now ! long weeping swells her eyes,
 And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs ;
 Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,
 And half unseen through veiling tresses shines ;
 15 As when a darkling¹ night the moon enshrouds,
 A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.
 Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrows flow,
 And sacred sacrifice augments her woe ;
 I mark her now, with fancy's aid retrace,
 20 This wasted figure, and this haggard² face ;
 Now from her favourite bird she seeks relief,
 And tells the tuneful *Sáriká* her grief ;
 Mourns over the feathered prisoner's kindred fate,
 And fondly questions of its absent mate.
 25 In vain the lute for harmony is strung,
 And round the robe-neglected shoulder slung ;
 And faltering accents strive to catch in vain,
 Our race's old commemorative strain :
 The falling tear that from reflection springs,
 30 Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings ;
 Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,
 The skilful hand forgets its graceful art,
 And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,
 But wakes a sad wild warbling of its own.
 35 At times such solace animates her mind,
 As widowed wives in cheerless absence find ;
 She counts the flowers now faded on the floor,
 That graced with monthly piety the door,
 Thence reckons up the period since from home,
 40 And far from her, I was compelled to roam ;

1. Darkling, growing dark or darker.

2. Haggard, worn and pale.

[Fr. *hagard*, originally a wild falcon : hence, a person with a wild look.]

- And deeming fond¹ my term of exile run,
 Conceives my homeward journey is begun.
 Lightened by tasks like these the day proceeds,
 But much I dread a bitterer night succeeds:
 45 When thou shalt view her on the earth's cold breast,
 Or lonely couch of separation rest,
 Disturbed by tears those pallid cheeks that burn,
 And visions of her dearer half's² return.
 Now seeking sleep, a husband to restore,
 50 And waking now, his absence to deplore;
 Deprived of slumber by returning woes,
 Or mocked by idle phantoms of repose;
 Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain,
 Shews like the moon, fast hastening to its wane³.

* * * * *

*From the Megh-duta.**

LXXXI.

LORD BYRON.

(1788—1824.)

1.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

1. STÓP!—for | thy tréad | is ón | an Ém|pire's dúst!
 An Earthquake's spoil⁴ is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal⁵ bust?
 Nor column trophied⁶ for triumphal show?

1. Fond, fondly.

2. Dearer half, her husband.

3. Wane, decline; decrease of the illuminated part to the eye of the spectator. [A. S. wan, deficient. Akin to want.]

4. See Introduction, p. ii.

5. An Earthquake's spoil, all that was destroyed at the battle of Waterloo.

6. Colossal, very large; like a colossus, a statue of a gigantic size. [The most celebrated colossus was a statue of Apollo at Rhodes, so high that it was possible for ships to sail between its legs.]

7. Trophied, decorated with trophies. "The mound with the Belgian lion had not then been erected."

None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first | and last | of fields! | king-mak|ing^a
 Vic|tory?
 * * * * *

2. There was a sound of revelry by night,^a
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone over fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!
3. Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling over the stony street.
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!
4. Within a windowed niche^b of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain^c; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;^d

1. King-making, "establishing kings more firmly on their thrones."

2. There was a sound of revelry.—It is said that a ball was given at Brussels on the night

previous to the battle of Waterloo.
 3. Windowed niche, bay-window.

4. Brunswick's fated chieftain.—The Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre-Bras.

- And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,¹
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell²:
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
5. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which never might be repeated: who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!
6. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder³, peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming⁴ drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come!
 they come!"
7. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"⁵ rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel⁶, which Albyn's⁷ hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night⁸ that pibroch⁹ thrills,

1. Stretched his father, &c.—
 His father was mortally wounded
 at Auerstädt in 1806.

2. Quell, satisfy.

3. Supply "sounded."

4. Alarming, summoning to
 arms. [Lat. *ad arma*.]

5. "The Cameron's gathering," the pibroch or war-note of
 the Cameron Highlanders.

6. Lochiel, the chief of the

Camerons.

7. Albyn, the ancient Celtic
 name of Scotland. Until the time
 of Cæsar the whole island of Great
 Britain was so called. [Oeltic *alp*
 or *alb*, high, and *inn*, an island.]

8. Noon of night, midnight.

9. Pibroch, music of the bag-
 pipe. [Erroneously applied by
 Byron to the bagpipe itself
 Gaelic *piob*, a pipe.]

Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame¹ rings in each clansman's
 ears!

8. And Ardennes² waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate ever grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.
9. Last noon beheld them full of lusty³ life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close over it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent⁴,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

2.—THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

1. CLÉAR, plácid Léman! thy | contrást|ed láke,
 With the wide world⁵ I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

1. Evan's, Donald's fame.—
 "Sir Evan Cameron, and his
 descendant Donald, the 'gentle
 Lochiel' of the 'forty-five.'"—

Byron.

2. Ardennes.—The forest of
 Soignies between Brussels and
 Waterloo is erroneously regarded

by the poet as part of the neigh-
 bouring forest of Ardennes.

3. Lusty, healthy; vigorous.

4. Pent, cooped; confined;
 piled closely.

5. Thy contrasted lake with
 the wild world, i.e., thy lake
 contrasted with the wild world.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,¹
 That I' | with stérn | delights | should é'er | have
 béen | so móved.

2. It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura² whose capt³ heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and, drawing near⁴,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

3. He⁵ is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy and sings his fill⁶ :
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy—for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

* * * * *

4. The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O Night,
 And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,

1. Byron had a half-sister—
 Augusta Byron, afterwards Mrs.
 Leigh—"who exercised a greater
 influence over him for good than
 any other person."

2. Jura, a mountain chain be-
 longing to the system of the Alps.

It is to the west of Lake Geneva.

3. Capt, capped with clouds.

4. Drawing near, *i.e.*, as we
 draw near.

5. He, *i.e.*, the grasshopper.

6. His fill, as much as gives
 complete satisfaction.

- From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !
5. And this is in the night.—Most glorious Night !
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit¹ lake shines, a phosphoric² sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice over a young earthquake's birth.
- * * * * *
6. Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath taken his stand :
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

3.—THE OCEAN.

1. Oh ! that | the Dés|ert wére | my dwéll|ing-pláce,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only³ her !
 Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

1. Lit, lighted.

2. Phosphoric, of phosphorus.

3. But only.—One of the two

adverbs is superfluous here.

2. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal¹
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal.
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage², save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled³, uncoffined, and unknown.*
4. His steps⁵ are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope⁶ in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay⁷.

1. Steal, withdraw myself.
 2. Ravage, destruction ; devastation. [Lat. *rapio*, I snatch.]
 3. Unknelled, without a knell or funeral.
 4. Compare—
 "Cut off even in the blossoms
 of my sin,
 Unhouseled, disappointed, un-
 aneled ;
 No reckoning made, but sent to
 my account

With all my imperfections on
 my head."
Shakespeare—Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5.
 5. Steps, footprints.
 6. His petty hope.—The shrine
 of his gods, "a feeble source of
 confidence."
 7. Lay.—Incorrectly used for
 "lie." The use of this word ex-
 posed the poet to much adverse
 criticism.

5. The armaments which thunder-strike¹ the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans² whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator³ the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast⁴ of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's⁵ pride, or⁶ spoils of Trafalgar⁷.
6. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria⁸, Greece, Rome, Carthage⁹, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power¹⁰ while they were free,
And many a tyrant¹¹ since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
7. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

1. Thunder-strike, strike with thunder. [Rare.]

2. Lē-vi'a-thans, huge ships. [The *leviathan* is a fabulous sea-monster of immense size.]

3. Clay creator, *i.e.*, man.

4. Yeast, foam.

5. The Armada, the Spanish Armada, 1588.

6. Or, and.

7. Spoils of Trafalgar, "the captured vessels, which were lost in the gale that followed the

battle."

8. Assyria.—Nineveh, the capital of Assyria was razed to the ground by the Babylonians and Medes about 625 B. C.

9. Carthage was burnt by the Romans, B. C. 146.

10. Washed them power.—"Brought them power by means of commerce."

11. Many a tyrant, *i.e.*, washed them (or brought them from abroad) many a tyrant.

8. And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned¹ with thy breakers²—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.³

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

4.—GREECE, AS IT IMPRESSED THE MIND OF
 THE POET IN 1810.

- He' who | hath.bént | him ó'er | the déad
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress
 5 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
 And marked the mild angelic air—
 The rapture of repose that's there—
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 10 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now—
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy⁴
 15 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;—
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 20 He still might doubt the tyrant's⁵ power ;

1. Wantoned, sported.
 2. Breakers, waves breaking
 into foam against the shore.
 3. The poet supposes himself

to be sailing on the sea.
 4. Apathy, insensibility. | Gr.
 a, not, and *pathos*, feeling.]
 5. The tyrant, death.

- So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look¹ by death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore² —
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !³
- 25 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
- 30 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling passed away !
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
- 35 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !⁴
From the Giaour.

5.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

1. 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.
2. With just enough of learning to misquote.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

1. Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child !
 Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart ?
2. Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar !
3. I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail
 Wherever the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
 prevail.

1. The first, last look.—“That singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but a few hours, after ‘the spirit is not there.’”—*Byron*.

2. This shore, this country.

3. Living Greece no more.—When this was written Greece was entirely subject to the Turks.

4. Cherished earth, i.e., the human body.

4. Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
5. He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
6. To fly from, need not be too hate, mankind :
All are not fit with them to stir and toil.
7. To me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.
8. In solitude where we are least alone.
9. I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;
I have not flattered its rank¹ breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo ; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such ; I stood
Among them, but not of them.
10. Man !
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
11. I see before me the Gladiator² lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
• who won.

1. Rank, foul ; disgusting.

[A.-S. *rank*, fruitful, exuberant.]

2. Gladiator, one who fought
in public for the entertainment of
the Romans. ["Gladiators were

at first prisoners, slaves, or con-
demned criminals ; but afterwards
freemen fought in the arena, either
for hire or from choice." Lat.
gladius, a sword.]

DON JUAN.

1. 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
 home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.
2. Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence.
3. But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
 Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
 That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
4. The women pardoned all except her face.
5. The drying up a single tear has more
 Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
6. 'Tis strange—but true ; for truth is always strange ;
 Stranger than fiction.

THE GIAOUR*.

1. For Freedom's battle, once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
2. Gayer insects fluttering by
 Never droop the wing over those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own ;
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame.

MARINO FALIERO.

They never fail who die
 In a great cause.

* *Giaour* (jour), infidel. [A name given by the Turks to unbelievers, especially to Christians.]

The Persian form *Guebre* or *Guebr* is similarly applied to Parsees, Pers. *gôwer*, an infidel. Ar. *kafir*.]

LXXXII.

BRYAN W. PROCTER.*

(1790—1874.)

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 I am on the sea ! I am on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoever I go.
 I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more.

LXXXIII.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(1792—1822.)

1.—THE CLOUD.

1. I BRING | fresh showers | for the thirst|ing f|owers,
 From the séas | and the stréams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under ;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.
 * * * *
2. I am the daughter of the Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky :
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change but I cannot die.

* Generally known under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall. } The poetess Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864) was his daughter.

For after the rain—when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare, [gleams,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
 Build up the blue dome of air—
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph¹,
 And out of the caverns of rain, [tomb,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 I rise and unbuild it again.²

2.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. How wonderful is Death !
 Death and his brother Sleep.
2. Heaven's ebon³ vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain her sleeping world.
3. Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
 The worship of the world, but no repose.*
4. That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon.
5. Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken⁵.
6. The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow !

1. **Cenotaph**, an empty tomb erected as a memorial of some deceased person. [Gr. *kenos*, empty, and *taphos*, a tomb.] A clear blue sky is called the cenotaph of the clouds, as there can be no clouds in such a sky.

2. **Unbuild it again**.—When the clouds re-appear in the sky the

cenotaph is, as it were, unbuilt or demolished.

3. **Ebon**, dark as ebony.

4. "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest."—*Bacon*.

5. **Quicken**, refresh ; cheer. [A.-S. *cwice*, alive.]

LXXXIV.

JOHN KEATS.

(1795—1821.)

1.—ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER.

- MUCH¹ have | I trav²elled in | the réalms | of góld¹,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo³ hold.
 5 Oft of one wide expanse⁴ had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene⁵
 Till I heard Chapman⁶ speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies⁶
 10 When a new planet swims into his ken⁷;
 Or like stout Cortez⁸ when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise⁹—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1. Much have I travelled, &c.—Reading great authors is here compared to a journey through rich countries.

2. Apollo, the god of song and music. [The Homeric bards derived their art of song either from Apollo or from the Muses.]

3. One wide expanse.—This refers to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

4. Never breathe its pure serene.—The poet was ignorant of Greek and therefore unable to read these works in the original.

5. Chapman, George Chapman (1557-1634), a poet and dramatist of the Elizabethan age. "His translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are more faithful, if less elegant, than those of Pope."

6. Watcher of the skies, astronomer.

7. Ken, view; cognizance; reach of sight or knowledge. [A.-S. *cun-*nan, to know.]

8. Cortez, Hernando Cortez or Cortes (1485-1547), a celebrated Spanish adventurer, who conquered Mexico. It was, however, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa (1475-1517), and not Cortez, that first crossed the isthmus of Darien and climbing to the summit of a mountain beheld the Pacific Ocean from the American coast.

9. Wild surmise.—They thought the sea they had discovered was the great Indian Ocean or some lonely sea never traversed by a ship.

2.—THE HUMAN SEASONS.

1. Fôur sêa|sons fill | the méas|ure óf | the yéar ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty¹ Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
2. He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud² of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves³
3. His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furléth close, contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook⁴ :—
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature⁵
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

3.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness.
2. Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.
3. As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
4. Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
5. The poetry of earth is never dead.

1. Lusty, vigorous ; robust ; lively.

2. Cud, portion of food brought up by ruminating animals to be chewed a second time.

Hence, to *chew the cud* figuratively means to ponder, reflect, ruminate. Compare—

“Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.”—*Shakespeare*.

3. Cove, a small inlet, creek, or

bay ; a recess in the sea-shore, where vessels and boats may sometimes be sheltered from the winds and waves.

4. Threshold brook, a rivulet flowing by one's door, and consequently “passed by unheeded.” [*Threshold* from *threshed* or *thrashed* and *wood*.]

5. Misfeature, features that have lost their original shapeliness.

LXXXV.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

(1795—1854.)

'Tis a little thing
 To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean¹ juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

LXXXVI.

ROBERT POLLOCK.

(1799—1827.)

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.

- TRUE Há|pinéss | hath nó | locá|lities,
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb²,
 Where duty goes, she goes ; with justice goes ;
 And goes with meekness, charity, and love,
 5 Wherever a tear is dried ; a wounded heart
 Bound up ; a bruised spirit with the dew
 Of sympathy anointed³ ; or a pang
 Of honest suffering soothed ; or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven :
 10 Wherever an evil passion is subdued,
 Or virtue's feeble embers found ; wherever
 A sin is heartily abjured⁴ and left—
 There is a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane⁵,
 15 Where Happiness, descending, sits and smiles.

1. Nectarean, very sweet and pleasant. [See page 450, note 3.]

2. Garb, dress. [Akin to *gear*.]

3. Anointed, smeared. [Lat. *in*, and *ungo*, I anoint.]

4. Abjured, renounced ; rejected. [Lat. *abjuro*, I deny upon oath, from *ab*, and *juro*, I swear.]

5. Fane, temple ; church. [Lat. *fanum*, a temple, from *for*, *fari*, to speak.]

2.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. He laid his hand upon the "Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
2. He was a man
Who stole the livery¹ of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.
3. With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

LXXXVII.

D. L. RICHARDSON.*

THE SUTTEE.

- HER lást | fond wish|es bréathed, | a fáre|well smíle
Is lingering on the calm unclouded brow
Of yon deluded victim. Firmly now
She mounts, with dauntless mien, the funeral pile
5 Where lies her earthly lord². The Brahmin's guile
Hath wrought its will—fraternal hands bestow
The quick death-flame—the crackling embers
glow—
And flakes of hideous smoke the skies defile !
The ruthless throng their ready aid supply,
10 And pour the kindling oil. The stunning sound
Of dissonant drums—the priest's exulting cry—
The failing martyr's pleading voice have drowned ;
While fiercely burning rafters fall around, [eye!
And shroud³ her frame from horror's⁴ straining

2.—SONNET WRITTEN IN EXILE.

MÁN's heart | may chángé | but Ná|ture's gló|ry
néver ;— [shore
Strange features throng around me, and the

1. Livery, peculiar dress or
garb. [Fr. *livrer*, to deliver.]

2. Her earthly lord, her
deceased husband.

3. Shroud, hide.

4. Horror, i.e., the horrified
spectator.

* An Anglo-Indian author.

- Is not my father-land. Yet why deplore
 This varied doom? All mortal ties must sever.—
 5 The pang is past;—and now with blest endeavour
 I check the rising sigh, and weep no more.
 The common earth is here—these crowds adore
 That earth's Creator; and how high soever¹
 Over other tribes proud England's hosts may seem,
 10 God's children, fair or sable², equal find
 A father's love. Then learn, O man, to deem
 All difference idle save of heart or mind,
 Thy duty, love—each cause of strife, a dream—
 Thy home, the world--thy family, mankind.

3.—ON THE RUINS OF RAJMAHAL³.

- HAIL', strán|ger, háil! | whose éye | shall hére | survéy
 The path of Time, where ruín marks his way,
 When wildly moans the solemn midnight bird*,
 And the gaunt⁵ jackal's piercing cry is heard :
 5 If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught⁶,
 Rapt in the poet's dream, or sage's thought,
 To thee, these mouldering walls a voice shall raise,
 And sadly tell how earthly pride decays ;
 How human hopes, like human works, depart,
 10 And leave behind—the ruins of the heart !

4.—AN INDIAN DAY.

1. Lo ! Mórning wákes | upón | the gréy | hill's brów,
 Raising the veil of mist meek Twilight wore ;—
 And hark ! from mango tope⁷ and tamarind bough
 The glad birds' matins ring ! On Gangá's shore

1. How high soever.—An example of *tnesis*. [See Introduction, page xlii (6).]

2. Sable, black; dark. [Poetical.]

3. Rajmahal, a town of British India in the province of Behar, possessing the remains of a mag-

nificent palace.

4. Midnight bird, the owl.

5. Gaunt, lean. [Norse *gand*, a slender stick, a thin man.]

6. Fraught, filled. [A form of *freight*.]

7. Tope, grove. [Indian.]

Yon sable groups with ritual signs adore
 The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
 Behold the tall palmyra¹ proudly soar,
 And wave his verdant wreath,—a lustre pale
 Gléams on | the broad-|fringed léaves | that rús|tle
 in | the gále.

2. 'Tis now the Noontide² hour ! No sounds arise
 To cheer the sultry calm,—deep silence reigns
 Among the drooping groves ; the fervid³ skies
 Glare on the slumbering wave ; on yon wide plains
 The zephyr dies,—no hope of rest detains
 The wanderer there ; the sun's meridian might
 No fragrant bower, no humid cloud restrains,—
 The burning rays, insufferably bright,
 Play on the fevered brow, and mock the dazzled sight !
3. The gentle Evening comes ! The gradual breeze,
 The milder radiance and the longer shade,
 Steal o'er the scene !—Through slowly waving trees
 The pale moon smiles,—the minstrels of the glade
 Hail night's fair queen ; and, as the day-beams fade
 Along the crimson west through twilight gloom
 The fire-fly darts ; and where, all lowly laid,
 The dead repose, the Moslem's hands illumine
 The consecrated lamp over Beauty's hallowed tomb !

LXXXVIII.

CAPTAIN MACNAGHTEN.*

BANKS OF THE GANGES.

THE skies| are fáir | in sóuth|ern Fránce,
 And brightly glows an English June ;
 And over the ocean's wide expanse,
 How sweetly smiles the cloudless moon

- 5 In the mild tropic !—but there's not,
 Beneath the eternal heaven, a spot

1. Palmyra, the most common
 palm of India.

2. Noontide, midday. *Tide*, time.

3. Fervid, hot ; burning. [Lat.
fervidus, boiling hot.]

* An Anglo-Indian author.

- Over which the sun, the moon, and sky,
 Display a lovelier radiancy,
 Than where the sacred Ganges flows—
 10 Land of the bulbul and the rose !
 If its green banks have ever been red,
 Those times of havoc¹ long have fled,
 And peace, conjoined with plenty, reigns
 Perennial² 'mid those favoured plains.
 15 With the once-conquering Moslem, here
 The Hindu sits, untouched by fear ;
 And each sends up the prayer to Heaven,
 By Shashtra or by Koran given :
 Nor dares his neighbour's rites impede,
 20 Nor questions his dissenting creed.
 Around, how tranquil is the scene,
 The air how clear—the sward how green !
 * * * * *

- There's not a land on earth more fair,
 Than that whose soil the Ganges laves ;
 25 There's not a land more bless'd than where,
 Through countless leagues it rolls its waves.
 Land of the wise !—though here unknown—
 Of men romantically bold,
 Whose fame had not,³ like meteors, flown,
 30 Had bards in song their deeds enrolled.
 Land of the beauteous and the brave !
 Land of the Ganges' holy wave !

LXXXIX.

THOMAS HOOD.

(1798—1845.)

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,

1. **Havoc**, wide and general destruction. [Welsh *hafog*, destruction.]

2. **Perennial**, perpetual, never-

failing. [Lat. *per*, through, and *annus*, a year. Hence, literally, lasting throughout the year.]

3. **Had not**, would not have.

As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.
 Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

2. One more Unfortunate
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death.
 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !
3. But evil is wrought by want of thought
 As well as want of heart.
4. Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
 Spurned by the young, but hugged¹ by the old
 To the very verge² of the churchyard mould³.
 How widely its agencies vary—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess*,
 And now of a Bloody Mary⁵.

XC.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

(1802—1864.)

'oodman, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.

1. Hugged, loved ; embraced.

2. Verge, brink ; border.

3. Mould, soil.

4. Good Queen Bess, Queen Elizabeth. [Reigned 1558-1603.]

5. Mary I. [Reigned 1553-1558.]

XCI.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(1802—1876.)

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL IN THEIR BIRTH.

1. ALL men | are é|qual in | their bírth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
2. 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples¹ these,
While the same path they go ;
3. Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
Ye low ! your shame and fear :
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere.

XCII.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE HUNT.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

- WITH wórk | in hánd, | perchánce | some fáir|y cáp,
To deck the little stranger² yet to come ;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map—
- 5 Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning³ some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby⁴ urchin⁵ beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume :
So sits the mother ! with her fondest smile
 - 10 Regarding her sweet little ones the while.

1. Trample, tread under foot ;
despise.

2. The little stranger, the
baby to be born.

3. Conning, perusing eagerly.
[A.-S. *cunnian*, to examine.]

4. Chubby, round-faced; plump.

5. Urchin, child; boy. [A
familiar, half-chiding name for a
child. The term is also applied to
an elf, or fairy, from its being
supposed sometimes to take the
form of a hedgehog. Lat. *ericius*,
a hedgehog.]

And he, the happy man! to whom belong
 These treasures, feels their living charms beguile
 All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
 With ráp|ture-rís|ing héart, | and á | thánks|giv|ing
 tóngue!

XCIII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

(1794—1878.)

1.—LIVE WELL AND DIE HAPPY.

So live | that wén | thy súm|mons cómes | to jóin
 The innumerable caravan¹ which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 5 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one that wraps the drapery² of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

2.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

1. Loveliest of lovely things are they,
 On earth that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.³
2. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

1. Caravan, literally, a company of travellers, pilgrims, or merchants, proceeding together through deserts or regions infested by robbers. [Per. *karwan*, a caravan.]

2. Drapery of his couch, bed-clothes.

3. Compare—

"A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that
 night."—Ben Jonson.

[See Part I., page 20.]

* A popular American poet.

XCIV.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

(1800—1886.)

1. The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
2. He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

XCV.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.*

(1805—1873.)

1. Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.¹
2. In the lexicon² of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail*.

XCVI.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(1807—1882.)

1.—HIAWATHA'S³ HUNTING.

- THÉN the | little | Híá|wátha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in summer
- 5 Where they hid themselves in winter,
 Talked with them wherever he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
 Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,

1. See Part I. page 96.

2. Lexicon, dictionary. [Gr. *lexicon*, from *lexis*, speech, *legō*, I speak.]

3. Hí'a-wa'tha, a mythical personage of miraculous birth, believed by the North American Indians

to have been sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace.

* Father of the late Earl of Lytton, who was our Viceroy from April 1876 to April 1880.

- 10 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels¹ hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them wherever he met them,
 15 Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."
 Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He, the marvellous story-teller,
 He, the traveller and the talker,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
 20 From a branch of ash he made it,
 From an oak-bough made the arrows,
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.
 Then he said to Hiawatha :
 25 "Go, my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together ;
 Kill for us a famous roebuck²,
 Kill for us a deer with antlers³."
 Forth into the forest straightway
 30 All alone, walked Hiawatha
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows.
 And the birds sang round him, over him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."
 Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
 35 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."
 Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, lightly leaping
 In and out among the branches ;
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 40 Laughed, and said between his laughing,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha."
 And the rabbit from his pathway

1. Squirrel.—This word is derived from Gr. *skia*, a shade, and *oura*, a tail, because the animal shades or covers its body with its long bushy tail.

2. Roebuck, a small species of deer with erect, cylindrical branched horns, forked at the summit.
 [A.-S. *rā*, *rāb*, a roebuck.]

3. Antlers, branching horns.

- Leaped aside, and at a distance,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
45 Half in fear, and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha."
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;
50 On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder¹-bushes,
55 There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
60 Flecked² with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
65 Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred, or rustled ;
But the wary roebuck started,
70 Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah, the stinging, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.
75 Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,

1. Alder, a tree generally growing in moist land. [Lat. *alnus*, from Sw. *al*, water.]
2. Flecked, spotted.

But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbb'd, and shouted, and exulted,
80 As he bore the red deer homeward.

2.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

RESIGNATION.

1. There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair.
2. The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
3. There is no Death ! What seems so is transition¹;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian²,
Whose portal³ we call Death.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

1. The star of the unconquered will.
2. O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.

1.st Transition, passage from one place or state to another. [Lat. *trans*, across, and *eo*, I go]

2. Elysian, heavenly. [Lat.

elysian, a place assigned to happy souls after death.]

3. Portal, gate. [Lat. *porta*, a gate.]

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

ENDYMION.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

MAIDENHOOD.

1. Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !
2. O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands¹,—life hath snares !

EVANGELINE.

1. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite² music.
2. Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

HYPERION.

1. Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
• Weeping upon his bed has sate³,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

1. Quicksand, a mass of loose sand mixed with water,—sometimes found at the mouth of a river or along some sea-coasts, and very dangerous to vessels or to persons

who trust themselves to it.

2. Exquisite, choice ; very excellent. [Lat. *ex*, and *quero*, I seek.]

3. Sate, sat. [Poetical.]

2. Something the heart must have to cherish,
 Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
 Something with passion clasp or perish,
 And in itself to ashes burn.

RETribUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
 grind exceeding small;
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with exact-
 ness grinds He all.

XC VII.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

XC VIII.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

XC IX.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.*

(1807—1886.)

ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S WILL.

By Gréician ánnals ít | remáined | untóld,
 But may be read in Eastern legend old,
 How, when great Alexand† died, he bade
 That his two hands uncovered might be laid
 Outside the bier, for men therewith to see—
 Men who had seen him in his majesty—

* Archbishop of Dublin.

| † See page 422, note 5.

That he had gone the common way of all,
 And nothing now his own in death might call ;
 Nor of the treasures of two empires aught
 10 Within those empty hands unto the grave had
 brought.

C.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these : "It might have been."

CI.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

(*By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.*)

I.—THE COMING OF ARTHUR¹.

"O KING'!" | she² cried, | "and I' | will téll | thee
 true:

He found me first when yet a little maid :
 Beaten I had been for a little fault
 Whereof I was not guilty ; and out I ran
 5 And flung myself down on a bank of heath,
 And hated this fair world and all therein,
 And wept, and wished that I were dead ; and he—
 I know not whether of himself he came,
 Or brought by Merlin⁴, who, they say, can walk
 10 Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side,
 And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
 And dried my tears, being a child with me.

* A living American poet, born 1807.

1. **Arthur**, a British prince, son of Uther, whom he succeeded in 516. He instituted the military order of the Knights of the Round Table. There are many fabulous stories of this celebrated prince. He died in 542.

2. **King**.—Leodogran, king of

Cameliard, whose daughter Guinevere Prince Arthur married.

3. **She**.—The speaker is "Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent."

4. **Merlin**, Ambrose Merlin, a British writer, contemporary with Prince Arthur. He was regarded as a magician and prophet.

- And many a time he came, and evermore
 As I grew greater grew with me ; and sad
 15 At times he seemed, and sad with him was I,
 Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
 But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
 And now of late I see him less and less,
 But those first days had golden hours for me,
 20 For then I surely thought he would be king."

Idylls of the King.

***2.—CRANMER² TO THE PEOPLE BEFORE HIS
 EXECUTION.**

- Good péo[ple, év'ry mán | at tíme | of déath
 Would fain set forth some saying that may live
 After his death and better humankind ;
 For death gives life's last word a power to live,
 5 And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
 After the vanished voice, and speak to men.
 God grant me grace to glorify my God !
 And first I say it is a grievous ease,
 Many so dote upon this bubble world,
 10 Whose colours in a moment break and fly,
 They care for nothing else. What saith St. John³:—
 " Love of this world is hatred against God."
 Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
 You do un murmuringly and willingly
 15 Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread
 Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
 Whose ministers they be^t to govern you. +
 Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
 Like brethren ; yet what hatred Christian men
 20 Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
 But mortal foes ! But do you good to all
 As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more
 Than you would harm your loving natural brother
 Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,

1. See Introduction, p. xxvii (5).

2. Archbishop of Canterbury.

3. The Baptist.

4. Ec. are [Poetical.]

- 25 Albeit¹ he think himself at home with God,
 Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.
 Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,
 Remember that sore saying, spoken once
 By him that was the truth,² "How hard it is
 30 For the rich man to enter into Heaven;"
 Let all rich men remember that hard word.
 I have not time for more: if ever, now
 Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
 The poor so many, and all food so dear.
 35 Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard
 Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,
 Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor. *

Queen Mary.

3.—ACCOUNT OF CRANMER'S EXECUTION.

- You saw | him how | he passed | among | the crowd ;
 And ever as he walked, the Spanish friars
 Still plied him with entreaty and reproach :
 But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
 5 Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death ;
 And I could see that many silent hands
 Came from the crowd and met his own ; and thus,
 When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer³,
 10 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
 They had mocked his misery with, and all in white,
 His long white beard, which he had never shaven
 Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain,
 15 Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood
 More like an ancient father of the Church,
 Than heretic of these times ; and still the friars
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,

1. Albeit. although. [A compound of the old *al* in the sense of though, and *be*, and *it*.]

2. By him, &c., i.e., by Christ.

3. Ridley and Latimer were burnt at the same stake, 1555.

- Or answered them in smiling negatives ;
 20 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :—
 “ Make short ! make short ! ” and so they lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame¹ ;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
 25 “ This hath offended—this unworthy hand ! ”
 So held it till it all was burnt, before
 The flame had reached his body ; I stood near—
 Marked him—he never uttered moan of pain :
 He never stirred or writhed, but, like a statue,
 30 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost² ; and so passed martyr-like.

Queen Mary.

4.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

1. O purblind³ race of miserable men,
 How many among us at this very hour
 Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
 By taking true for false, or false for true ;
 Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
 Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
 That other, where we see as we are seen !
2. The useful trouble of the rain.
3. For manners are not idle, but the fruit
 Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
 The grand old gardener and his wife⁴
 Smile at the claims of long descent.

1. The hand with which he had signed the abjuration of the Protestant faith, on the promise of life. Cranmer was burnt at Oxford, 1556.

2. Gave up the ghost, died.

3. Purblind, near-sighted ; dim-sighted ; seeing obscurely. Also, quite blind. [From *pure*, quite, and *blind*.]

4. The grand old gardener and his wife, Adam and Eve.

Howe'er it be it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

1. This is truth the poet sings,
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
 happier things.
2. But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
 Honour feels.
3. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle¹ of Cathay².

THE PRINCESS.

And one said smiling :—"Pretty were the sight
 If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
 With prudes³ for proctors⁴, dowagers⁵ for deans⁶,
 And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
 I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
 But move as rich as Emperor-moths⁷, or Ralph⁸
 Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
 If there were many Lilies in the brood,

1. **Cycle**, a long period of years; an age.

2. **Cathay**, an old name for China. [Corrupted from the Tartar appellation *Khitai* (ke-ti'), that is, the country of the *Khitans*, who occupied the northern portion of the empire at the period of the Mongol invasion.

3. **Prude**, a woman affecting great reserve, coyness, and virtue. [Fr. *prude*, probably from Lat. *prudens*, prudent.]

4. **Proctors**.—In the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the proctors are two officers chosen from among the Masters of Arts to enforce the statutes, and to preserve the public peace by repressing and summarily punishing

disorders.' [Contr. from *procurator*, an agent.]

5. **Dowager**.—In law, a widow endowed, or enjoying a jointure, whether derived from her deceased husband or from her dowry settled on herself after his death; also, a title given to the widow of a man of rank to distinguish her from the wife of his heir.

6. **Deans**, 'officers appointed to superintend the behaviour of the members of colleges and to enforce discipline;' also, heads of faculties.

7. **Emperor-moth**, a handsome species of moth found in England.

8. **Ralph**.—The chronicle of "old Sir Ralph," who fought at Ascalon in Palestine.

However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it."

At this upon the sword
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot :
"That's your light way ; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us."

Prologue.

IN MEMORIAM.¹

1. I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
2. But what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

THE BROOK.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

DORA.*

1. Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
2. Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.

1. A series of poems in memory of the Laureate's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of Hallam, the historian.

* It was the Editor's intention to retain in this edition the whole of this beautiful poem, so touching in its very simplicity, but he has

refrained from doing so in deference to the wishes of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for whom Professors Rowe and Webb of Calcutta have prepared a new volume of "Selections from Tennyson," including this and several other delightful pieces.

3. And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
4. But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change¹ a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.
5. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
6. And the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
7. I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
8. But, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!"
9. I have been to blame²—to blame. I have killed
my son.
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son.
10. And all the man was broken with remorse.

CII.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

(1810—1889.)

1.—COLUMBUS.

Thy sôul | was nêrved | with môre | than môrtal
fôrce,

Bold mariner upon a chartless sea,

With none to second, none to solace thee ;

Alone, who daredst keep thy resolute course

1. Change, exchange; inter-
change.

2. To blame, to be blamed;

blamable. [The active form in
such phrases has a passive mean-
ing. Compare—a house to let.]

- 5 Through the broad waste of waters drear and
dark,
'Mid wrathful skies, and howling winds, and worse,
The prayer, the taunt, the threat, the muttered curse
Of all thy brethren in that fragile bark :
For on thy brow, throbbing with hopes immense,
10 Had just Ambition set his royal mark,
Enriching thee with noble confidence
That having once thy venturous sails unfurled
No danger should defeat thy recompense,
The godlike gift to man of half the world¹!



2.—NELSON.

- WELL hast | thou dóne | thy dúlty², gál|lant són ;
What truer fame can greet a mortal's ear
Than duty's task heroically done ?—
So are they hailed, who better crowns have won :
5 Thou, to the patriot's soul so justly dear,
O let us blot thy failings³ with a tear,
And read alone the record of thy worth ;
Man without pride, or hate, or fraud, or fear,
Who banished discord, and gave peace to earth,
10 Thine was the generous heart, though gentle,
brave !
The will to bless, the godlike power to save :
What nobler pæan⁴ can the poet raise ?
A glorious life, an honourable grave,
Trafalgar⁵ and Aboukir⁶ be thy praise !

1. Half the world.—America, discovered by Columbus in 1492.

2. Done thy duty.—When bearing down upon the enemy at the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson hoisted his celebrated signal—"England expects every man to do his duty."

3. Thy failings.—This refers chiefly to Nelson's connection with Lady Hamilton.

4. Pæan (pé'an), a war-song; a song of triumph. [*Pæan*, a hymn in honour of Apollo, who was also called Pæan.]

5. Trafalgar.—The victory which cost Nelson his life was gained in the action off Cape Trafalgar, 1805.

6. Aboukir.—The famous battle of the Nile was fought in Aboukir Bay, 1798.

CIII.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.*

1. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
2. Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
3. Poets are all who love, who feel great truths;
And tell them: and the truth of truth is love.

CIV.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.†

(1819—1891.)

1. 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
2. Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
3. Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us
men.

CV.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(1822—1888.)

I.—MORALITY.

1. We can|not kin|dle when | we will
The fire that in the heart resides :
The spirit bloweth and is still
• In mystery our soul abides :
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

* Author of *Festus*, "a marvelous poem saturated with science and philosophy" Mr. Bailey was

born at Nottingham, 1816.

† A well-known American poet,
—author of *The Biglow Papers*.

2. With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
 Not till the hours of light return,
 All we have built do we discern.

✂ 2.—SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.*

(By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

"Slain by my hand, my son, my son, you fall—
 My beautiful, my brave, my all in all."

Rustum.—O THÓU | young mán, | the áir | of
 Héav'n | is sóft,

And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
 Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
 Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,

- 5 And tried; and I have stood on many a field
 Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—
 Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
 O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
 Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
 10 To Iran, and be as my son to me,
 And fight beneath my banner till I die!
 There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.

*Sohrab (embracing Rustum's knees and clasping his
 hand within his own).*—

Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
 Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?

- 15 *Rustum (aside).*—Ah me, I muse¹ what this young
 fox² may mean!

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.

* * * * *

(To Sohrab) Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly ques-
 tion thus

* This touching episode is given in full in Macmillan & Co.'s beautiful edition of the "Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold." Only a few extracts are presented here, linked together in a dramatic form.
 1. *Muse*, wonder. [Obsolete.]
 2. *Fox*, a sly, cunning fellow.

- Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth ; make good thy vaunt, or yield !
20 Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight ?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee !
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
25 But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus¹ with his summer floods,
30 Oxus in summer wash them all away.

Sohrab (starting up).—Art thou so fierce ? Thou
wilt not fright me so !

- I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
35 But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin ! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven. *

*(They fight. Rustum throws aside his spear and seizes
his huge club, which none but he could wield. When
he strikes, Sohrab springs aside, and the club falls
from Rustum's hand. Rustum follows his own blow
and falls to his knees. Sohrab disdaining to take
advantage of his fallen foe, courteously draws back.)*

Sohrab.—Thou strik'st too hard ! that club of thine
will float

- 40 Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth² ! not wroth am I ;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum ; be it so !

1. Oxus, the Amoo or Oxus in Central Asia, running principally | through independent Tartary.

2. See page 528, note 2.

Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul ?—

- 45 Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
 Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
 And heard their hollow roar of dying men ;
 But never was my heart thus touched before.
 Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart ?

- 50 O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven !

* * * * *

There are enough foes in the Persian host,
 Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang ;

* * * * *

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me !

(*Rustum rises while Sohrab speaks.*)

Rustum (regaining his spear) Girl ! nimble with thy
 feet, not with thy hands !

- 55 Curled minion¹, dancer, coiner of sweet words !

Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more !

* * * * *

(*They fight again. Rustum, when on the point of
 being overpowered, shouts—"RUSTUM !"* Sohrab,
*hearing that shout, shrinks amazed and drops his
 shield. Rustum's spear pierces the side of Sohrab,
 who reels, and staggering back, sinks to the ground.*)

Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
 A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's² tent.

* * * * *

- 60 Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man !

Sohrab.—Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt
 is vain.

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !

No ! RUSTUM slays me, and this filial heart.

* * * * *

For that belovèd name unnerved my arm—

- 65 That name, and something, I confess, in thee,

1. Minion, one who gains | *mignon*, a darling, a favourite.
 favours by mean flattery. [Fr.] 2. King of the Tartars.

Which troubles all my heart. But hear thou this :
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !
 My father, whom I seek through all the world,
 He shall avenge my death, and punish thee !

70 *Rustum.*—What prate¹ is this of fathers and
 revenge?

The mighty Rustum never had a son.

Sohrab.—Ah yes, he had ! and that lost son am I.

* * * * *

Rustum.—O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
 75 Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have
 loved !

* * * * *

But Rustum had no son ; one child he had—
 But one—a girl ; who with her mother now
 Plies² some light female task, nor dreams of us—
 Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.

80 *Sohrab (angrily).*—Man, who art thou who dost
 deny my words?

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
 And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.

I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
 That seal which Rustum to my mother³ gave,

85 That she might prick it on the babe she bore.

Rustum.—Sohrab, that were a proof which could
 not lie !

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.

Sohrab (showing the mark on his arm).—

How say'st thou ? Is that sign the proper sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's ?

1. Prate, idle talk.

2. Plies, busies herself in.

3. My mother.—Sohrab's mother was Tehemina, daughter of the king of the Koords. She dwelt

at Ader-baijan with her son, who, coming of age, joined the Tartar camp and fell in a duel with his unknown father Rustum, the great Persian hero.

- 90 *Rustum (gazing in speechless agony and then uttering a sharp cry).—O boy—thy father!*
(Rustum faints. Sohrab crawls up to him, and, casting his arms about his father's neck, kisses his lips. Rustum opens his eyes and groans convulsively. He then frantically throws dust on his head, seizes his sword and attempts to put an end to his life. Sohrab sees his thought, and holds his hands.)

- Sohrab.*—Father, forbear; for I but meet to-day
 The doom which at my birth was written down
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
 95 When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
 I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
 Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
 The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
 But let us speak no more of this! I find
 100 My father; let me feel that I have found!
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
 Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
 105 And swift; for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away—
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind;
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.*

(Rustum casts his arms round his son's neck, and weeps aloud.)

* * * * *

From the Shah-Naméh.†

* "To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Rustum could have no idea his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to him her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her darling infant

if she revealed the truth; and Rustum fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days." *Malcolm's History of Persia.*

† See Introduction, p. iii.

CVI.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,* K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench,
Trübner & Co., Ltd.)

1.—YASODHARA.

- THUS filed | they, one | bright maid | after | another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
5 Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould ; a gait like Parvati's¹;
Eyes like a hind's² in love-time ; face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell³ ; and she alone
10 Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
“Is there a gift for me?” she asked, and smiled.
“The gifts are gone,” the Prince replied, “yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
15 Our happy city boasts ;” therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist ;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

2.—AN INDIAN BAZAAR.

- FORTH fared | they by' | the com|mon way | afoot,
Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
5 The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,

1. This Hindu goddess has a temple at Poona.

2. Hind, the female of the red deer, of which the male is the stag.

3. Spell, charm.

* Born 1832. He was Principal

of the Poona College (now the Deccan College) from 1857 to 1860. The extracts given here are from Messrs. Trübner & Co.'s “Lotos Series” edition of *The Light of Asia*.

- The war of words to cheapen this or that,
 The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
 The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
 10 The singing bearers with the palanquins,
 The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
 The housewives bearing water from the well
 With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
 The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat
 shops,
 15 The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
 Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
 Prowling for orts¹, the skilful armourer
 With tong² and hammer linking shirts of mail,
 The blacksmith with a mattock³ and a spear
 20 Reddening together in his coals, the school
 Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
 The Sākya children sang the mantras through,
 And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
 The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
 25 Wet from the vats⁴—orange, and rose, and green;
 The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
 The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
 The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
 The humble toiling Sudra; here a throng
 30 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
 Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
 Of asp and nāg, or charm the hooded death⁵
 To angry dance with drone⁶ of beaded gourd;
 There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
 35 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
 To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade,

1. Orts, scraps of food.

2. Tong, tongs.

3. Mattock, a pickaxe with one
 or both of its ends broad instead
 of pointed.

4. Vats, tubs.

5. Hooded death, the "nāg"
 or cobra whose bite is so fatal.

6. Drone, a dull, humming
 sound.

- Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
 40 Where the swart¹ potters beat the noisy brass
 For lamps and lotas ; thence, by temple walls
 And gateways, to the river and the bridge
 Under the city walls.

3.—A GALAXY² OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES.

WITHIN—

- Where the | moon glit|tered through | the lace-|worked
 stone,
 Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
 Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
 5 On such rare company of Indian girls,
 It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
 Where Devîs rested. All the chosen ones
 Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,
 The brightest and most faithful of the Court ;
 10 Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
 That you had said " This is the pearl of all ! "
 Save that beside her or beyond her lay
 Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze
 Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
 15 From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
 Caught by each colour till the next is seen.
 With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
 Part hidden, part revealed ; their glossy hair
 Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
 20 In black waves down the shapely nape³ and neck.
 Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
 They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
 Which sing and love all day, then under wing
 •Fold head, till morn bids sing and love again.
 25 Lamps of chased⁴ silver swinging from the roof

1. Swart, swarthy ; dark.

2. Galaxy, an assemblage of splendid persons or things. [Literally, the Milky Way. Gr. *gala*, *galaktos*, milk.]

3. Nape, the back part of the neck.

4. Chased, adorned with embossed or engraved work. [A contraction of *enchased*.]

- In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
 Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
 Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
 The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
 30 Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
 The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
 Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
 The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
 Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
 35 The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
 Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
 Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
 Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
 Some fairy love-gift. * * *

4.—BUDDHA AND THE SUDRA.

- BUT'our | Lord¹ gáin|ing bréath, | aróse | and ásked
 Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
 I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
 I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles!"
 5 Then the World-honoured spake: "Pity and need
 Make all flesh kin². There is no caste in blood,
 Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
 Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
 To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
 10 Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deed
 Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
 Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
 Unto my quest³ it shall be good for thee."
 Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

5.—AN INDIAN LANDHOLDER AND HIS WIFE.

Nów, by | that rí|ver dwélt| a lánd|hólder
 Pious and rich, master of many herds,

1. Our Lord.—The speaker is supposed to be a Buddhist votary.

2. Compare—

"One touch of nature makes

the whole world kin."—

Shakespeare.

3. Come unto my quest, find the truth I seek.

- A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor ;
 And from his house the village drew its name—
 5 “ Senâni.” Pleasant and in peace he lived,
 Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
 Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain ;
 Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
 Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
 10 And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
 Passing calm years of household happiness
 Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
 Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
 Wherefore, with many prayers she had besought
 15 Lukshmi¹ ; and many nights at full-moon gone
 Round the great Lingam², nine times nine, with gifts
 Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,
 Praying a boy ; also Sujâta vowed—
 If this should be—an offering of food
 20 Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,
 Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
 Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
 And this had been : for there was born to her
 A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
 25 Between Sujâta’s breasts, while she did pace
 With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God’s shrine,
 One arm clasping her crimson sari close
 To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
 The other lifted high in comely curve
 30 To steady on her head the bowl and dish
 Which held the dainty victuals³ for the God.

6.—DAILY DUTIES OF AN INDIAN HOUSEWIFE.

„PLEASANT | my dâys | pass filled | with hōuse|hold cāres
 From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,

1. Lukshmi, the consort of the god Vishnu, and regarded as his female or creative energy.

2. Lingam, the symbol under which Siva is principally worship-

ped. It represents the fertility of nature.

3. Victuals (vit'lz), food ; provisions. [Literally, that which supports life. Lat. *vivo*, I live.]

- And give forth grain, and trim the tulsî-plant, •
 And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
 5 When my Lord¹ lays his head upon my lap
 Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
 And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
 When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
 Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,
 10 After the temple and the talk with friends.
 How should I not be happy, blest so much,
 And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
 Shall lead his soul to Swarga², if it need?
 For holy books teach when a man shall plant
 15 Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
 For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
 It shall be good for such after their death;
 And what the books say that I humbly take,
 Being not wiser than those great of old
 20 Who spake with gods. * * *

CVII.

R. T. H. GRIFFITH.*

1.—AYODHYA³.

1. On pléas|ant Sár|ju's* fér|tile síde
 There lies a rich domain,
 With countless herds of cattle thronged,
 And gay with golden grain.
2. There, built by Manu⁵, Prince of men,
 That saint by all revered,
 Ayodhya, famed through every land,
 Her stately towers upreared.

1. Lord, *i.e.*, husband.
 2. Swarga, heaven; the abode of the blessed.
 3. Ayodhya, the same as Ajudhya, near Fyzabad. It was the ancient capital of the dynasty of the Sun.

4. Sarju, the Ghagra, a tributary of the Ganges.

5. Manu, the first king of Ayodhya.

* An Anglo-Indian author. He was Principal of Benares College.

3. Her vast extent, her structures high,
With every beauty deckt,
Like Indra's¹ city², showed the skill
Of godlike architect.
4. Or, like a bright creation sprung
From limner's³ magic art,
She seemed too beautiful for stone:
So fair was every part.
5. Twelve leagues the queenly city lay
Down the broad river's side,
And, guarded well with moat and wall,
The foeman's power defied.
6. Her ample streets were nobly planned,
And streams of water flowed
To keep the fragrant blossoms fresh
That strewed her royal road.
7. There many a princely palace stood,
In line, on level ground;
Here temple, and triumphal arc⁴,
And rampart banner-crowned.
8. There gilded turrets rose on high
Above the waving green
Of mango-groves and bloomy trees,
And flowery knots between.
9. On battlement and gilded spire
The pennon⁵ streamed in state;
And warders⁶, with the ready bow,
Keep watch at every gate.

1. Indra, the god of the firmament, of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain; the Indian Jupiter.
[Skr. *indu*, a rain-drop.]

2. Indra's city.—This city is called Amaravati.

3. Limner, a painter. [From

limn, to draw or paint, to paint water colours, to illuminate.]

4. Arc, arch. [Poetical.]

5. Pennon, flag. [Lat. *penna*, a feather.]

6. Warders, keepers; guards.

10. She shone a very mine of gems,
The throne of Fortune's Queen :
So many-hued her gay parterres¹,
So bright her fountains' sheen².
11. Her pleasure-grounds were filled at eve
With many a happy throng,
And ever echoed with the sound
Of merry feast and song.
12. For meat and drink of noblest sort
In plenty there were stored :
And all enjoyed their share of wealth
Nor heaped the miser's hoard.
13. At morn the blossom-scented air
The clouds of incense stirred,
And blended with the wreath's perfume
The sweet fresh smell of curd.
14. Streamed through her streets, in endless line,
Slow wain and flying car :
Horse, elephant, and merchant train,
And envoys from afar.
15. Her ample arsenals³ were filled
With sword, and club, and mace :
And wondrous engines, dealing death,
Within her towers had place.
16. Nor there unknown the peaceful arts
That youthful souls entrance,
Of player, minstrel, mime⁴, and bard,
And girls that weave the dance.

1. Parterres, flower-beds. [Fr. *par*, on, and *terre*, the earth.]

2. Sheen, splendour. [Poetical.]
"The sheen of their spears was
like stars on the sea."—*Byron*.

3. Arsenals, magazines of
arms. [Fr. *arsenal*, from Ar. *dar*
as-sinā'a, a house of industry.]

4. Mime, an actor in a farce or
comedy. [Lat. *minus*, Gr. *mimos*.]

17. There rose to heaven the Veda¹-chant,
Here blent the lyre and lute :
There rang the stalwart² archer's string,
Here softly breathed the flute.
18. The swiftest horses whirled her cars,
Of noblest form and breed :
Vanayu's³ mare that mocked the wind,
And Vahli's⁴ fiery steed.
19. There elephants, that once had roamed
On Vindhya's mountains, vied
With monsters from the bosky⁵ dells
That shag⁶ Himalaya's side.
20. The best of Brahmans, gathered there,
The flame of worship fed ;
And, versed in all the Vedas' lore,
Their lives of virtue led.
21. By penance, charity, and truth,
They kept each sense controlled,
And, giving freely of their store,
Rivalled the saints of old.
22. Her dames were peerless for the charm
Of figure, voice, and face :
For lovely modesty and truth,
And woman's gentle grace.
23. Their husbands, loyal, wise, and kind,
Were heroes in the field,
And, sternly battling with the foe,
Could die, but never yield.

1. The Veda.—See Introduction, page i.

2. Stalwart, tall and strong; brave; bold. [O. E. *stalwoord*, *stallwoorth*, from A.-S. *stalwoorth*, worthy of place, from *stal*, stall, place, and *worth*.]

3. Vanayu, an old town some-

where to the north-west of India.

4. Vahli, Vahlka, the present Balkh.

5. Bosky, woody. [O. E. *bosk*, It. *bosco*, a wood. *Bosk* is a form of *bush*.]

6. Shag, make shaggy; make rough or hairy.

24. The poorest man was richly blest
 With knowledge, wit, and health ;
 Each lived contented with his own,
 Nor envied others' wealth.
25. All scorned to lie : no miser there
 His buried silver stored :
 The braggart and the boast were shunned,
 The slanderous tongue abhorred.
26. Each kept his high observances,
 And loved one faithful spouse ;
 And troops of happy children crowned,
 With fruit, their holy vows.

From the Rāmāyana¹.

2.—RAMA AND SITA.

- As through | his stately halls | the héro pást,
 His eye was drooping and his brow overcast.
 And Sita rose and trembled, quick to trace
 The thought and sorrow on his darkened face ;
- 5 For his strong bosom could no longer bear
 The load of anguish that was heavy there.
 Soon as she marked the clammy² drops that hung
 On his pale cheek, she cried, with faltering tongue :
 " What ails thee, O my lord ? This happy day
- 10 Should see thee joyful : all but thou are gay.
 Why does no royal canopy, like foam
 For its white beauty³, shade thee to thy home ?
 Where are the tuneful bards thy deeds to sing ?
 Where are the fans that wave before the king ?
- 15 Why doth the city send no merry throng
 To bring thee home with melody and song ?
 Why doth no gilded car thy triumph lead,
 With four brave horses of the swiftest breed ?
 No favoured elephant precede the crowd,
- 20 Like a black mountain or a thunder-cloud ?

1. See Introduction, page i.
 2. Clammy, sticky.

3. Like foam for its white
 beauty, i.e. white as foam.

- No herald march in front of thee to hold
 The precious burthen of thy throne of gold ?
 If thou be king, ordained this day, then why
 This sorry plight¹, pale cheek, and gloomy eye ?”
 25 Thus Sita questioned in her wild suspense,
 And Rama said : “ My father sends me hence
 An exile to the forest : hear me tell
 The story, Sita, as it all befell.
 Of old, to Queen Kaikeyi², bound by oath,
 30 Two boons he granted : now she claims them both.
 All was prepared for me : my father now
 Is forced by Duty’s mightier law to bow ;
 So Bharat³ sits upon the throne, and I
 For twice seven years to distant forests fly.
 35 Only to see thee ere we part I came.
 And now, dear Sita, never praise my name
 In Bharat’s presence ! others’ praise to hear
 Is never welcome to a monarch’s ear.
 To him my father gives divided sway ;
 40 Do thou with willing love his rule obey.
 With tender care the king’s desire prevent⁴ ;
 Be ever gentle, humble, and content.
 I go : be firm and strong, my noble spouse,
 Keep well thy fasts and guard thy holy vows.
 45 Rise from thy bed when day begins to break,
 And to the gods thy constant offerings make.
 Then let the king thy duteous thoughts engage,
 And cheer Kausalya⁵ worn with woe and age.
 Then to the consort-queens thy love be shown ;
 50 They are my mothers even as mine own :
 And never vex King Bharat’s soul, for he
 • Is lord of all the land, our house, and thee.
 Then here, obedient to his will, remain :
 Honour thy king and all thy vows maintain.”

1. Plight, condition.
 2. Queen Kaikeyi, Rama’s
 step-mother.

3. Bharat, Rama’s half-brother.
 4. Prevent, anticipate.
 5. Kausalya, Rama’s mother.

- 55 "Beseems¹," she cried, "this speech thy royal race—
 To thee a blot, to me a foul disgrace?
 Master of weapons, lord of deadly strife,
 Hear thou the duty of a warrior's wife.
 Know that the father, mother, brother, son,
 60 Obtain the lot their former deeds have won.
 The wife alone her husband's fate must share,
 And in thy trouble I my part will bear.
 For not on father, mother, son, or friend,
 But on her husband, must the wife depend.
 65 And, if thou seek the wood, thy wife has sworn
 To smooth² thy path, nor let thy feet be torn.
 No guile is in me: from thy bosom throw
 The dregs of doubt, and give me leave to go.
 I spurn the terrace and the pleasant seat:
 70 Mine be the joy to guard thy cherished feet.
 Obedient ever to my parents' sway,
 I will not hearken if they bid me stay.
 I will go forth, the lonely wood to roam,
 The lion's dwelling and the tiger's home,
 75 Happy and heedless, from all terror free,
 Careless of empire, caring but for thee.
 With thee, delighted, will I wander where
 Blooms, dropping honey, scent the woodland air.
 Obeying thee, and keeping still my vow,
 80 I will not tremble by thy side; for thou
 Wouldst keep a stranger safe, and, sure, thine arm
 Will guard thy Sita from all fear of harm.
 I will not be a charge to thee: sweet fruits
 The trees will yield me, and the earth her roots.
 85 I will go first, and, treading down the grass,
 Make the way pleasant for my love to pass;
 On the soft turf disclose my gathered store,
 And sit and banquet³ when thy meal is o'er.

1. Beseems this speech, does
 this speech befit?

when a verb, as here.

2. Smooth.—Spelt also *smoothe*,

3. Banquet, feast; eat. [It.
banque, a bench.]

- O, how I long, dear lord, to gaze my fill,
 90 Guarded by thee, on lake, and wood, and hill;
 See the red lilies in their native springs,
 And gay flamingoes¹ with their rosy wings!
 And over my limbs those pleasant waters poured
 Shall banish languor, O my large-eyed lord.
 95 A thousand years would seem a single day
 If spent with thee, but, were my love away,
 Heaven would not charm me: O, be sure of this,
 Without my love there is no heaven, no bliss.”
 Lost in deep thought awhile the hero stood,
 100 And feared to lead her to the lonely wood.
 With soothing words he strove her tears to dry,
 And gently answered with a moistened eye:
 “O virtuous daughter of a noble line,
 To hear my words thy tender heart incline:
 105 Here, duteous ever, still in peace remain:
 Life in the woods is nought but grief and pain.
 There roars the lion in his rocky cave,
 Loud as the torrents down the hill that rave.²
 There savage beasts in horrid ambush lie,
 110 And rend the heedless wretch who passes by.
 Floods, where the crocodile delights to play,
 And furious elephants, the eye dismay.
 Then on the gale the wolf’s long howl is borne
 Through a wild wilderness of sand and thorn.
 115 On the cold ground or on a scanty heap
 Of gathered leaves the homeless wretch must sleep,
 And stay his hunger with what fruit the blast
 Hurls from the branches for his sad repast.
 A coat of bark or skin his only wear.³
 120 Rough and untrimmed must be his matted hair.

1. Flamingo, a bird resembling the heron in shape, but entirely scarlet in colour, except the quill-feathers, which are jet black. It has a fleshy tongue, much prized as a delicacy by the Romans. [Lat.

flamma, flame, from the bird’s red colour.]

2. Down the hill that rave, that rave (flow raging) down the hill.

3. His only wear, the only thing for him to wear.

- Now on a snake the heedless foot will fall,
 Now in thy path a deadly scorpion crawl,
 And slimy reptiles creeping from the lake,
 And clouds of gnats, thy troubled slumber break.
 125 Enough, dear love; the wood is full of fear.
 Remain, my Sita, and be happy here.”
 Then Sita spoke once more with weeping eyes,
 Her voice half mastered¹ by her sobs and sighs :
 “The woe, the terror, all the toil and pain,
 130 Joined with thy love, to me are joy and gain.
 Lion and tiger, elephant and boar,
 And all the monsters thou hast counted o’er,
 Soon as my Rama’s glorious form they see,
 In trembling fear will turn away and flee.
 135 Not Indra’s self, the ruler of the sky,
 Would dare to harm me when my lord is nigh.
 Long years ago I heard a sage foretell
 That in the woods should be my fate to dwell.
 The time is come : now make that promise true,
 140 And when thou goest take thy Sita too.
 O, let me go ; whatever I may endure,
 Following thee, will make my soul more pure ;
 So joy shall crown me in the after-life,
 For thou art God unto thy loving wife.
 145 Here the high truth which saintly priests declare ;
 The after-life rejoins the wedded pair.
 But if thou wilt to no entreaties bend,
 Poison or flood or flame my life shall end.
 Fear not for me : when by thy side I go
 150 My happy feet will never weary grow.
 Though wild and rough the thorny ways I tread,
 They shall feel softer than a silken bed.
 When the wild wind with dust my raiment² dims,
 I’ll call it perfume to refresh my limbs.
 155 And when with thee in grassy glades I lie,
 Watching the landscape with delighted eye,

1. Mastered, overpowered.

2. Raiment, garments.

- Till, by thy side, I gently sink to rest,
 What thing on earth shall be so richly blest ?
 The fruit thy dear hand gives me there to eat,
 160 Little or much, shall be, like amrit¹, sweet.
 Never will I murmur at my lot, or grieve
 For mother, father, or the home I leave.
 My food shall be wild fruit, the flower, the weed ;
 I will not vex thee by a word or deed.
 165 With thee is heaven, wherever thou art not, hell :
 O lead me hence, that I in heaven may dwell."
 Then with a bitter cry her arms she flung
 Round Rama's neck, and there in anguish clung ;
 While from her eyes pure floods, as from a pair
 170 Of lotuses², poured down at every prayer.
 He gently held her, raised her drooping head,
 And stayed the sweet soul that had well-nigh fled :
 " Not heaven shall bribe me from my wife to part.
 I knew not, love, the strength of thy fond heart ;
 175 And hence in doubt thy prayer I first denied,
 Though nought can harm thee by thy Rama's side.
 Yea, thou wast formed by heaven to share my fate,
 To soothe my sorrows and divide their weight.
 As powerless I to leave my love behind,
 180 As a high saint his pity for mankind.
 And now my duty leads me far away :
 My sire commands it, and I must obey.
 Whatever the order that my parents give,
 I yield obedience, or must cease to live.
 185 No, Sita, not the sacrificial blaze,
 True heart, or liberal hand, or lip of praise,
 Will with such lasting joy the spirit fill,
 As glad obedience to a father's will.
 Come to the wood and aid my duties there,*
 190 But first at home thy helping hand prepare.

1. Amrit, the drink of the | note 4.]
 immortals. [Skr. *amritas*, immor- | 2. Lotus, lotos, a name of
 tal. Gr. *ambrotos*. See page 415, | several kinds of water lilies.

- Arise, dear wife, nor let thy steps be slow,
 Scatter our treasures quickly ere we go.
 Bring forth thy corn and oil the poor to feast,
 Give gold and jewels to each white-robed priest;
 195 Gems and rich raiment, all thou hast beside,
 Among thy maidens and the men divide."

From the Rámáyana.

CVIII.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

1.—APRIL IN ENGLAND.

- O FAIR | 'midspring, | besúg | so óft | and óft,
 How can I praise thy loveliness enow¹?
 Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
 That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
 5 The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves
 grow,
 The hopes and chances of the growing year,
 Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

2.—EDWARD III. IN MIDDLE AGE.

- BROAD-brówed | he wás, | hoók-nósed, | with wíde |
 grey éyes
 No longer eager for the coming prize,
 But keen and steadfast: many an ageing line,²
 Half-hidden by his sweeping beard and fine,
 5 Ploughed³ his thin cheeks; his hair was more than
 grey,
 And like to one he seemed whose better day
 Is over to himself, though foolish fame
 Shouts louder year by year his empty name.

1. Enow, enough. [Formerly regarded as the plural of *enough*.] 2. Wrinkle of old age.
 2. Ageing line, furrow or 3. Ploughed, furrowed.
 * Born near London, 1831.

THE END.